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LOUIS NAPOLEON.

President of France

Born in Paris, April. 20, 1808.

DRAWN FROM NATURE

Putnam
155 Broadway N. Y.
PUBLISHER

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NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE,

NEW YORK:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
LONDON: PUTNAM'S AMERICAN AGENCY,
Removed from Paternoster Row to
J. CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.
1849.

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DRAWN FROM NATURE

Putnam
155 Broadway N. Y.
PUBLISHER .

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NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND PERSONAL SKETCHES, INCLUDING A VISIT TO THE PRINCE AT THE CASTLE OF HAM.

BY HENRY WIKOFF.

NEW YORK:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
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PREFACE.

It is not merely in compliance with a customary form that I am induced to write these few lines of preface. My purpose is more grave; and I ask the attention of those who may honor this unpretending *brochure* with their perusal, to a serious examination of the reflections that I am glad of such an occasion to express. The people of the United States are not aware of a tremendous fact, touching their interests, their honor, and their intelligence, which it is high time was announced in trumpet tones. They are not aware that they are, and have been since their political existence, living under an influence which misleads their minds, poisons their sentiments, and betrays their conduct into false and devious courses. They are not aware that they, the most independent, bold, and sagacious of all nations, are yet under the entire control of a foreign domination, the more absolute that its power is not suspected, and the more mendacious that its hypocrisy, its craft, and its presumption have never been brought into question. The time has arrived in the history of the world when the people of this country should be awaked from their illusions, and be demanded to exercise for their own good and the safety of liberty, that noble faculty of reason which has in them acquired a vigor, an acuteness, and a discrimination that has never before been witnessed amongst men. The fact—this influence, and the domination that I speak of—is, the complete ascendency of the aristocratic mind of England over the democratic mind of the United States. This displays itself in everything and everywhere. It guides our judgment of things, and determines our opinions of men. It has entered into our institutions, it has biassed our laws, it has shaped our ideas, and too often directed our sentiments.

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This may seem preposterous, but is strictly true; and the cause is simple and natural, and obvious. We speak, unhappily for ourselves and the human race, the same language; and thus, whilst we were compelled by circumstances to strike out a new and original road in politics, we have for ever remained under the pernicious influences of her literature, which, in a spirit as servile as corrupt, has devoted itself solely to the interests and supremacy of the aristocracy. Laden with prejudice, inspired with deceit, armed in sophistry, the literature of England, tainted by bribes or coerced by force, has had, from the time of Bacon to this day, but one mission, which it has skilfully and faithfully fulfilled—to strengthen the power and augment the wealth of the aristocracy, and to deepen the grievances and diminish the resources of the unfortunate masses. Philosophy, history, poetry, and romance, have all labored in this walk, have all employed similar means, and have all panted for the same goal. Is it wonderful, then, that we of the United States, who have read only English books and have unsuspiciously adopted English opinions, should have formed the most erroneous judgments, and settled down in the most mistaken conclusions of all past men and events. It is singular, it is humiliating, but it is true, that we have, for the most part, misread history, because we have pinned our faith on English statements, without allowing for their prejudices arising naturally enough from laws, religious, political, and social, which spring from sources the very antipodes of those from which ours should properly be derived. It may seem paradoxical, perhaps it is presumptuous, it certainly is startling, but on reflection it will appear every day clearer, that all our knowledge drawn from the English school is worthless, because it is partial to a class and prejudicial to the whole; because, in fine, it is sophistical, biassed, and false. In a degree less marked, the same observation can be applied to all other foreign literature, because they have all been fostered by governments on condition of their perversion and corruption. It is not to be supposed that the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe, possessing despotic power, would have suffered an enemy to rise up in their midst and proclaim their existence as incompatible with the happiness of mankind —the very end of government. This would have been the utterance of any honest oracle, had free leave been given to its inspirations; for to the discerning eye of any philosopher and historian, the misery and confusion of the world have but one source, in the misgovernment of irresponsible

men. It is too much to require of human nature that it will sacrifice its temporary interests for the sake of its connexions, even when they are clear; and thus it is that no American can peruse with advantage the writings of any European writer, English or foreign, of modern or ancient times, save for the mere facts recorded, and not even for them unless supported by all concurrent accounts. Before the 16th century such a thing as clear dispassionate truth was nowhere to be found in any written report of events, of actions, of opinions, of ideas. The minds of all men were stagnant, and covered over, like the green pool, with a thick and pestiferous coating of prejudice, which resisted all efforts to pierce and dissipate it. So imbedded were the thoughts of all in the moulds of received doctrine, so shaped were their sentiments by the dogmas of the schools, and so profound, unquestioning, and universal was *belief*, that truth, religious or political, was called heresy, and was hated, persecuted, and destroyed. Luther, at every risk, made a bold appeal to the *reason* of mankind, and this was the first blow—the only successful one—ever given to the authority which despotism, cloaked at one time under the garb of religion, and at another in robes of state, had wielded for countless ages over the world. In the 17th century, Bacon and Descartes carried on the work of intellectual renovation; and their spirited, splendid, and triumphant exertions in the fields of science and philosophy, tended more and more to rouse the awakened minds of men, and to shake and weaken the domination of the graven image of authority. The intellect of the English Bacon was adequate to the discovery and demonstration of far greater truths than the purely scientific deductions he enunciated; and that he perceived and fully comprehended them is evident from the last work of reform he engaged in. In asserting, as he did, that all previous philosophy was fallacious, he went the entire length of pronouncing, in this indirect way, the plainest condemnation of all existing theory that was derived from it. He knew better than any one else the fatal effect of the blow he thus dealt on the tyranny which then kept the world in awe, and he conveyed to posterity this conviction in the touching words that escaped his dying lips:—"I leave my name and memory to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over." Bacon was not the man to beard authority; and perhaps, by a premature and violent death in consequence, he might have lost the chance of serving mankind as effectually as he did by disguising under the pedantry of science his

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noble efforts to stir up and strengthen the reasoning faculties of his age. The French Descartes took a different plan, as many conscientious men in Greece and Rome had done before him; and, like them, was compelled at last by affronted despotism, to fly or die. The eighteenth century in France was indeed a marvellous epoch, and did more for the regeneration of the human race than all previous ones recorded. Truth was yet obliged to wear a mask; but when it did show, as it constantly dared, its radiant features, they were recognised by thousands of sparkling eyes, and saluted with phrensy by enthusiastic crowds. Voltaire and the Encyclopædists did wonders and performed miracles for the resuscitation of their countrymen, whilst all Europe shared and acknowledged the benign efforts of their heroic ministrations. But what they preached by inuendo in France, was dauntlessly put in practice by kindred spirits in America. Their work in Europe was only negative,—denying the assumption of imposable *authority* over the minds and conduct of men, disproving the dogmas and reducing the maxims of the past which sought to influence them; whereas, the labors of our ancestors were altogether positive,—founding new doctrines, building up new faiths, and creating new codes of action; in a word, the result was the annexation of truth itself.

The nineteenth century has brought new sights and strange results before the universal gaze, and it behoves none to regard them with more interest, care, and impartiality than Americans. Amid the confusion and darkness which reign over the anarchy of the old world, he can only hope to see clearly by the aid of his torch lighted at the pure lamp of truth hanging in the temple of American liberty. May it burn for ever, and charm all nations with its holy incense. If we would know the history of the commotion which agitates all parts of Europe, it is not to foreign interpolations that we must have recourse. They are to be solved only by what De Tocqueville* calls the American

* Since I have used the name of this very able and faithful writer, I will justify my assertions that we are too much nose-led by English opinion, in citing the fact that we have adopted in this country the jesuitical judgment of their press concerning his two last volumes of "Democracy in America." The first part of this noble work was devoted to an examination of our political institutions, whilst the latter portion was given to a far profounder and more novel analysis of their effect on our society. The result was so prejudicial to aristocratic institutions, that English writers at once cried it down, pronouncing these last volumes of far inferior merit to the former. This absurdly false opinion has been echoed and adopted in this country, and strange to say, not a single

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philosophy, that is, by the independent employment of our own reason, repelling all evidence conflicting with our experience and undefiled common sense. We must be vigilantly on our guard against the specious sophistries of European writers, but above all against the subtle deceptions of the English aristocracy.

It is by these means,—the constant display of great address, the unscrupulous employment of plausible cant, the systematic exercise of the profoundest hypocrisy,—in a word, by the judicious use of the most refined craft, instead of the more uncertain element of force, that the English government has maintained its supremacy during the whole 18th century and a part of this, while the rest of Europe, less skilfully guarded, has been convulsed and repeatedly overthrown. It is by deception, misrepresentation, and falsehood, that the aristocracy of England have preserved those iniquitous laws which pour into their own class all the wealth of the state, leaving the masses a prey to misery and degradation nowhere else seen in Europe.

The very government itself is a juggle, for while it affects to be a mixed government of the most perfectly balanced character, it is, in fact, nothing else than the purest form of aristocracy the world has ever seen. The whole fabric of society is artificial and double-faced; every institution is a pretext, with real purposes different from the one announced; their entire body of laws is contrived in trick, and administered with the greatest partiality.

The whole end and purport of the English system is by bold, but infinite adroitness, to fleece the people out of their rights and property. It is a game which has been well played, and abundantly successful, but whose final term is approaching rapidly,—more so than many here or there dream of. It were the easiest thing in the world to demonstrate these assertions by demonstrations that would carry conviction in every line, but this is not the place to attempt it. My only object now is to call the attention of the American people, and their press, to the fact that

writer has come forward to confute or ridicule it! There is nothing in the whole range of philosophy so conclusive of the pernicious effects of the cruelty of aristocratic institutions, or of the beneficent and durable results of democratic, than the commentaries of De Tocqueville upon our social system. This single work, which it is impossible to prize too highly, is a death-blow to any aristocratic constitution, and no wonder the government of England was alarmed at its lucid and cogent demonstrations, and set to work to undermine its authority. It is labor thrown away, for it will survive when the famous British constitution is no longer.

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we have for years carried the disgraceful yoke of English prejudice; that we have been led constantly astray by English perfidy, and that we have often been false to our origin and true destiny, in imitating English laws, in promoting class interests, and in forgetting our duties to humanity at large. It is time that we should awaken from this slothful and inglorious dependence on English oracles for a right knowledge of the events of the world, and a true appreciation of the characters and actions of men. It is to be obtained for the seeking, and a short and even road to such discourses would be to take a directly opposite one to that the English guide-post designates. But something more than this is undoubtedly necessary, and it is incumbent on those blest with superior advantages for information to lose no opportunity of sharing its benefits with the American public. Our travellers abroad have not been inactive, and much has been written that is interesting and able, but their stay in countries is usually too short to afford opportunities for deep and searching study of their various institutions.

It is not from the most graphic description of the habits, tastes, and manners of a people, that we are to gather an accurate knowledge of their political and social position. Nor yet is it to be found in an earnest investigation of their existing constitutions and laws, for these are of the past, engrossed with its maxims, and revealing its prejudices. The condition of Europe is ever changing, and, to catch its tendencies, much residence, close observation, and impartial dealing with facts, is necessary to teach correct conclusions. Above all, the history of each nation is to be soberly studied, and from the mass of misrepresentation, the truly logical progress of events is to be traced back, link by link, which connects all human progress from the first glimmerings of civilization to its present marvellous expansion. The great difficulty which an inquirer has hourly to struggle with is the constant and subtle deceptions of historians, who, ever in the interest of the upper classes, not only garble and miscolor events, but invariably darken the character and distort the motives of the masses. All the confusion of history, all the contradiction of writers, and all the caprice and folly attributed to the people, arise from this single source. I will not slander men of letters so vilely as to insinuate that they love the false better than the true, and that their contempt of the *oi polloi* is so profound and intolerant, that they are incapable of believing them ever in the right, or even justifiable defending rights of person and property. This was certainly the spirit

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of Grecian and Roman literature, but the tone and statements of writers have greatly improved and softened since that day. No, the evident cause that so much injustice is committed is, that despotic governments possessing the power to coerce or corrupt, employ both unscrupulously, and hence the degradation of history, and hence the difficulty of arriving strictly at truth. I may add this further remark, which has repeatedly occurred to me upon interviews with distinguished men—writers and statesmen—of Europe, that they are for the most part utterly incapable of comprehending democratic doctrines, or realizing the possibility of a stable democratic organization. This may be explained partly in the opposition their interests find in such tenets, but still more from their want of all practical knowledge of such institutions.

An American, therefore, rightly understanding the moral and unprecedented character of the institutions of his own land, fully imbued with their humanitarian spirit, and clearly enlightened as to their world-wide purport, is, alone of all men, competent to pronounce honestly and learnedly on the constitutions of communities, the true end of laws, and the simple means by which the prosperity of the whole may be secured.

With this double view, then, of essaying to rescue this country from its moral vassalage to England, and to spread abroad distinct and full ideas of the real sentiments which animate and direct the American heart and mind, I have in the simple sketches collected together in this book, begun a work which I intend hereafter perseveringly, inflexibly, and, to say it with due reverence, even religiously to pursue. It will be seen by the discerning reader, that the object of my visit to the forlorn captive of Ham, was not merely to give a more impartial view of the character of Prince Louis Napoleon, but to avail myself of that favorable opportunity of imparting juster ideas of the situation of France, intermingled with glimpses here and there of the true character of our own country, so little understood abroad, and too often most maliciously underrated. If I had ever anticipated the honor of these rude and hasty compositions, written only for the ephemeral pages of a magazine, being converted into the durable and imposing shape of a book, I should, doubtless, have given them greater consideration, and endeavored to render them more worthy deliberate perusal. But

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thinking them as likely to contribute to the great end already enlarged upon, I send them forth with "all their imperfections on their head," to whatever destiny it may please an indulgent public to award them.

New York, February, 1849.

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NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

In passing from Philadelphia to New York, in the summer of 1845, just previous to my departure for Europe, I stopped at the princely residence of the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, to make *mes adieux* to its present owner, the young *Prince de Musignano*, who, having inherited this, along with other valuable property in this country, from his grandfather, had just arrived from Italy to take possession.

The few brief hours to which I was limited sped rapidly under the gay society of my affable host, and his intelligent companion, M. Maillard, and we had barely time to glance at the numberless and splendid objects of art and curiosity which embellished this luxurious mansion, when a servant announced the approach of the New York train.

As I was hurrying away the Prince remarked, "You are going to France; why not make an effort to see my unfortunate cousin, Prince Louis. He will be glad, I am sure, to meet an old acquaintance, and I should be delighted, on your return, to receive personal tidings of his health, which, I am distressed to learn, is sadly deranged by his imprisonment. If you should succeed, tell him * * * * * * And say also that my best wishes are with him."

I relate this simple circumstance because it explains in a word why I formed a resolution on the instant to get an interior view of the Citadel of Ham, if such an enterprise should prove at all compatible with the very rigid notions of political seclusion entertained by Louis Philippe and his ministers. During my stay in London, I mentioned my project to several friends of

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Prince Louis, who thought the idea rather quixotic, as the government suffered no relations of any sort to be kept up with the lone captive of Ham. The late well-known refusal to allow one of his family, sojourning by permission for a few days at Paris, to visit him, was suggested as a proof of the impracticability, if not absurdity, of my hopes. There was one individual, however, whose views were more sanguine, and I was naturally more disposed to coincide with him; but there were better reasons still to rely on whatever advice he gave. I am speaking of the far-famed Count Alfred d'Orsay, whose reputation is spread over the fashionable world of Europe and America, but whose real merits soar much beyond the frivolous accomplishments which have given him such wide celebrity. To be celebrated at all, no matter by what means, be they high or low, elevated or vulgar, talent I consider is indispensable; and to obtain the social position held at one epoch by a Beau Brummell, and at a later by a Count d'Orsay, nothing short of mental superiority of a high cast is requisite. This idea is fully supported, at all events, in the present instance, for I have seldom in any rank of life, or amongst the higher grades of employment, encountered intellectual qualities of rarer excellence than those which distinguish a man chiefly known in the light of a vain "carpet-knight." An elegant and fascinating man of the world, he undoubtedly is. An adept in dress, easy in manners, accomplished in the conventions of the drawing-room—a science apart, made up of the dictates of good breeding and the requirements of etiquette—fertile in conversation, and of brilliant wit, the Count d'Orsay is certainly well qualified to realize our visionary ideas of that paragon whom the poet describes as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Those, however, are rather the endowments which would secure him pre-eminence in the country of his birth; for France is *par excellence* the land of society, and to succeed there grace of manner and charms of mind are indispensable. But in England the case is very different; and Count

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d'Orsay, with all his *savoir faire*, would never have reached the position he has held for so many years unrivalled, without an equal skill and proficiency in those ruder, but still manly accomplishments, which constitute the basis of his English popularity. The best rider, most daring sportsman, the skilful better, the inimitable shot, the unrivalled sparrer, these are the merits towering in English eyes, and which have made his name so long in England familiar as a household word. Of later years, abandoning these grosser occupations, he has, with that well-poised effort which never falls short of its mark, and which explains his marvellous success in all he has undertaken, given himself wholly up to art, and his productions in painting and statuary have already thrown the world of taste in commotion, and are building him up a reputation which, if less sounding than that he has hitherto enjoyed, is infinitely more enviable. But to me the attractive feature of Count D'Orsay's character has always been what the promiscuous world he lives in knows nothing about, and that is, his cultivated and aspiring intellect, which, in depth and keenness, is adequate to the comprehension of the grandest questions, and capable of estimating them accurately in their nicest details. His knowledge of men and things is extensive and rare, and his criticisms overflow with point and *finesse*. It is little imagined by the giddy crowd around him whose dulness is enlivened by his wit, that the showy man of fashion is a studious thinker and careful writer; and that the moments of leisure, stolen from the gay dissipations of the London world, have been devoted to the record of his impressions on life, numbering some seven volumes of manuscript. Their merit may be inferred from the glowing praise bestowed by Lord Byron on his travelling Journal, written when only twenty years of age. In a word, Count D'Orsay may be esteemed beyond comparison, the admirable Crichton of the day, and I have cheerfully allowed myself to run into this digression

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concerning this remarkable person, as so enviable a chance may never offer to give the result of many years' observation of a character variously interpreted, and little understood.

It may be supposed, then, that his judgment has always been held by me in high esteem, and in all matters of small, or of greater pith, there was no one whose counsel I would receive with more consideration. He was an old and much attached friend of Prince Louis, and, therefore, of all persons, just the one to decide me on the feasibility of my proposed visit to Ham. I consulted him at once, and in his off-hand, racy manner, he replied instantly: "That's a good idea of yours. Yes, go and see Prince Louis, and give him the strongest assurances of our unabated interest in his welfare. Say how much his numerous and powerful friends in London deplore the wretchedness of such an imprisonment, but to be of good cheer, as we leave no opportunity untried to shorten his sorrows, since it is unhappily out of our power in any way to mitigate them. I don't know whether you are aware," continued the Count, "that the health of his father, the ex-king of Holland, is drooping fast, and that his sole remaining wish is to embrace his unfortunate son once more. Tell Prince Louis that we are all exerting ourselves to the utmost to gratify this last earnest wish of a dying man, and that I gladly availed myself of the late presence in London of M. Thiers, to speak to him on this subject, and to urge him to use his position and influence with the King to accomplish this pious object; and say that I received from him repeated assurances that both he and all the leading members of the chambers, would exert their best offices to that effect."

"There is nothing," I replied, "would give me more pleasure, Count, than to be the bearer of such consoling tidings; but you have overlooked one quite important point, that I came to Gore House expressly this morning to consult you about. How in the world can I manage to reach the Prince Louis, and what

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influence can I bring to bear on the French government to induce them to listen a moment to such an application from a simple private gentleman, and an American to boot?"

"You have hit it exactly," returned this ready tactician. "Just because you are an American, the government will be puzzled on what ground to refuse your request. I will tell you what to do. Employ no influence, attempt no intrigue, and give no trouble to your ambassador, but simply write a letter to the Minister of the Interior, saying that you are a resident of the United States, an old acquaintance of Prince Louis, and from friendly motives, desire to pay him your respects during a brief visit to France."

This advice struck me as excellent, and I promised the Count to carry it literally into effect, and let him know the result. Perhaps it was a fortnight after my arrival in Paris, during which I had abandoned and resumed my project half a dozen times, that I suddenly, one day, sat down and wrote to the Minister of the Interior, in the manner and to the effect suggested by Count D'Orsay. A week elapsed and no reply whatever. I began, by degrees, to feel no little mortification at the contemptuous indifference of the puissant government of the barricades for what, I frequently represented to myself, was a perfectly polite and reasonable application from a "free-born American citizen." It is really amusing, but not the less true, that an American abroad scarcely ever gets into a passion with the impertinences or impositions of foreigners, whether governments or individuals, than he instantly falls back on his "reserved rights" of American citizenship, and takes comfort in the somewhat vain and pharisaical reflection, that "he is not as these men are;" ridden over and trampled on, and obliged to submit unmurmuring to injuries and insults; but a glorious descendant of the men of '76, independent, and if need be, pugnacious. I was gradually working up to a rebellious pitch, and a second week's silence on the part of the government only tended to deepen my vexation,

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and render me a very fit subject for the treasonable designs of a conspirator against the stability and well-being of the famous government of July. It was very stupid, though, it occurred to me one day as I returned home ruminating, that I did not insert in my letter to the Minister the gentle hint that my stay in Paris was brief, and that, if his excellency, Mons. le Ministre, entertained the smallest idea of gratifying my request, he would vastly increase my sense of the favor by doing it at once.

"*Eh bien, Pierre,* no answer yet?" I said to the porter on entering my hotel.

"*Non, Monsieur, ces gueux des ministres* (Pierre was no Philippiste) would have too little to do if they attended to their business at once."

But I wil not give it up, I muttered to myself, striding off. I will write him again, and have an answer one way or another. As I crossed the court-yard I met my landlord, who wore the important air of a man who had something to communicate.

"You will be surprised to learn," he said, "that an officer of police has been here this hour past talking with my wife."

"Not at all," I answered, "for everybody knows that Madame is a very attractive person."

"*Vous êtes bien aimable, Monsieur,* but it was not to see my wife that he came, but to look after you."

I started, sure enough, with astonishment. "Look after me," I exclaimed in some trepidation, trying meanwhile to recall what peccadilloes liable to fine and imprisonment I had committed during my visit to Paris. Somewhat reassured by my retrospection, I demanded boldly what business a police officer had with me.

"Why, it appears you have been writing for permission to go see the Prince Louis."

"Well, and are they going to arrest me for that?"

"Why, that depends——" returned mine host significantly. "But the immediate object of his visit was to gather for the

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satisfaction of the Minister what information he could concerning you. His inquiries were numerous touching your position, your pursuits, and connexions; but especially whether you had any political motives in desiring to visit Ham."

"Well, I hope you gave me a good character?"

"No better than you deserve," said my old friend, with a polite bow. The French never lose an occasion to compliment; and, after all, it is pleasant, especially in matters where one is doubtful.

"We told him," he continued, "that we had known you for ten years and upwards. That you were a man of fortune; fond of travelling; of studious habits; though, like all other young men ——"

"But no conspirator, at all events," I interposed.

"As to that we said we were sure, *c'est à dire*, that we didn't believe—for you know one must be very particular what they say to these gentlemen of the police—that you had any political designs whatever in seeking to visit the Prince. We did not think it necessary to disguise that you had been for years intimate with many of the Imperial family, and my wife told him all about the flattering mission you performed for king Joseph."*

* The matter here alluded to was a trust of some importance confided to me by the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), in 1836, when about quitting Paris to join my post at the American Legation in London. Many interesting and valuable objects belonging to the late Emperor Napoleon had been for several years secreted in Paris, but his brother, to whom they were bequeathed, had resolved on taking possession of them. He had requested his friend, the Duke of S———d, to take them in charge, but learning that I was coming direct to London, the Count wrote requesting me to bring them over. I accepted the honor, though alarmed by the responsibility. The value of these relics was immense, comprising amongst others, the grand collar of the Legion of Honor, worn by Napoleon on his coronation day, of gold, and studded with innumerable diamonds of the finest water. There were besides various jewelled snuff boxes, presents from the sovereigns of Europe; his

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"There, I think you have done it; for when the government hear this, they may grow distrustful and refuse my request, on suspicions entirely groundless."

sword, formerly worn by Frederick the Great; his own orders and decorations, etc. But what interested me far more than these gaudy gems were several cases of clothes and books, which had come from St. Helena, the contemplation of which brought the Emperor more vividly before me than even all the anecdotes I had heard from members of his family. As the trunks were opened one after the other to certify the various articles they contained, and my eyes fell successively on his linen, coats, uniforms, hat, and a pair of red slippers much worn, I felt as if I were looking down into his tomb, and gazing on his body, so intimately associated were these objects with his august person. The sight of the dark grey overcoat so often drawn in pictures of Napoleon overlooking the sea from the rock of St. Helena, filled me with emotion, and I gazed on it till I am not sure a tear did not glisten in my eye. I was obliged to sign numerous lists, verifying the receipt of the articles enumerated, and in my life I never experienced anxiety like that I suffered while they were in my possession. After leaving Paris, I was detained, unfortunately, two days at Boulogne by a violent storm which in the winter season is not uncommon in the English channel. The steamer refused to venture out, and I was compelled to find what amusement I could in this dull town. The chief source of my annoyance was the precious baggage I had with me, which began to attract attention in the hotel. Most of the cases were marked with the imperial cipher N., and curiosity took wing. My mysterious reserve only increased it, and I began to feel no small alarm. There's no trusting French enthusiasm about Napoleon, and how did I know that once satisfied that this property had belonged to him, that not content with stealing all the brass nails from the boxes, they might, blinded by their phrensy, think robbery no crime, and lay their irreverent fingers on whatever they could get hold of. The very apprehension kept me close prisoner to my apartment, and I often got up in the night to count the cases over, to find that no advantage had been taken of my slumbers. At last, I had the good fortune to get safely to London, and deliver up my commission intact to King Joseph. I observed he was greatly affected at the view of these souvenirs, which were laden with so many recollections fraught with pleasure and pain. Whilst the lists were examining, and the articles laid out on tables, he would approach and regard them intently till he could no longer master his emotions, and then walk away. A kinder and truer heart never beat than that of the late Count de Survilliers, and his

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"Never fear, for to my great amusement the officer grew deeply interested in these details; and what with talking about the Emperor, these relics, and his sad fate, his blood grew warm, and it was clear that he would put no difficulties in your way, or anybody's, to oblige the *malheureux* captive of Ham."

"Well, what was the end of it, and did he hold out any early prospect of my getting a favorable return to my application?"

"Yes, he thought it was in his power to give such information as would attract the notice of the Minister; and he intimated, besides, that the government was rather inclined to favor in the Prince the cultivation of an American acquaintance, as they were exceedingly desirous that he should make that country his home in case he ever got out of Ham again."

"Really, a very sensible desire, and it would be a very satisfactory mode, indeed, of disposing finally of a somewhat troublesome obstacle to the future fortunes of the house of Orleans. *N'est pas, mon ami.*"

So saying, I mounted to my *salon*, and congratulated myself that, at last, this sterile silence of the Minister was broken, and that my request had not entirely fallen to the ground. I was naturally led to indulge some pungent reflections on this detestable system of *espionage*, which, not satisfied with the results of its open machinery of passports, must needs thrust its secret fangs into the private affairs and history of any luckless wayfarer that happens to cross its path. This taking an inventory of one's character and habits was rather, I found, more novel than agreeable, and awakened sensations that, in spite of philosophy,

devotion to the Emperor, history constantly attests it, was ardent, constant, and disinterested, up to the very last, when he came to Rochefort to offer Napoleon the certain means of escape which he had secured for himself, but which the Emperor rejected. Not long after the small service related, I received from the Count a most flattering letter of acknowledgment, together with a silver goblet which had belonged to the Emperor, as a token of his satisfaction.

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bordered a little on the indignant. It is certainly no easy matter for an American to break himself into all the humiliating restraints and exactions which belong to the degrading vassalage under which Europe still suffers. I doubt, indeed, whether during any epoch of the feudal period, France was more completely tyrannized over than she is in this year 45 of the 19th century. Her government, placing no reliance on the sympathies or good-will of the nation, lives as it were in an entrenched camp. Besides an army of 400,000 men, the country is strewed over with *gens-d'armes*, and the cities are crowded by well disciplined corps of *Gardes Municipales*. But this apparently is the least effective part of its means of security, for it spends millions on an immense but invisible force of "secret police," which makes it an especial business, like the inquisition of the middle age, to introduce itself, unknown, into the household concerns and opinions of people, whose names and sentiments are registered, and which may at any moment bring down on their head the spiteful vengeance of the government. It is with difficulty an American can believe that, after so many revolutions and heroic struggles, the French enjoy no more personal liberty than a hundred years ago. They cannot travel from one town to another without a passport, and to be found without it leads direct to a prison; and even when quietly reposing at home they are under the constant *surveillance* of the secret police. It is no bad proof of the popularity of a government, to compare the funds employed on this odious army of spies. In Napoleon's time the sum was very small, but under his successors the amount has gone on increasing, till in the budget of the day it is set down as twenty-two millions, though that is probably only a portion. This scandalous institution was organized under the despotism of Louis XIV., whose purpose was chiefly political, but his licentious successor put it to another and still more disgusting use. Who could believe, that after the horrors and lessons which the revolution of 1789 had administered to

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monarchy, and after the radical reforms of the Emperor, that Louis XVIII., on his return to France in 1815, followed by the same corrupt class of nobles who had derived no wisdom from their long exile, dared deliberately to renew, in all things, the same system of government which had once been engulphed in an ocean of blood. Amongst the rest this disgraceful relic of former abuse, the secret police, was restored, and with more than its ancient vigor. To show that I do not exaggerate, I will give a brief extract from a book just published by *Alexis Dumesnil*, entitled the "Social Trials of France." It is speaking of the close of the reign of Louis XVIII., when prevailed a loathsome mixture of debauchery and false devotion, and the picture traced, repulsive as it may be, is all the more valuable as revealing the just and deep causes of popular hatred for the iniquities of the Bourbon Court:

"The moment," says my author, "that the police of the kingdom was put in the hands of Director *Franchet*, fanaticism and hypocrisy received a new impulse. Every day the affected zeal of churchmen made sensible progress, and every day also became more impenetrable the veil of false religion under which was concealed the most abominable license. On every side nothing was heard of but young girls seduced, and married women whose virtue was corrupted under sacrilegious pretexts; whilst with similar plausible deceits, friends were secretly denounced and persecuted. Who can say how many were led away by these mystic orgies, and to what extent of baseness women were degraded by a servile spirit of faction? Thus Madame Franchet was required to share with her husband the direction of the secret police, and at certain hours she was obliged to come to the King, and amuse him with the ignoble recital of the many scandalous adventures of the capital, in which he greatly delighted.* For it should be said, that from the time of Louis XIV. the Bourbons liked nothing so much as putting their own hands on these secret springs, and Louis XVIII., while deriving infinite relish from these disgraceful revelations, nevertheless attached great importance to

* This was exactly the habit of Louis XV., but that was before the revolution of 1789. It is clear from this that more revolutions may be expected.

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whatever reached his ears by these subterranean channels. Thus it is seen, that under the Restoration, the police became the very soul of the government, which it rendered every day more suspicious and meddling. And the Jesuits, adding their own inquisition to that of the throne, a new system of *espionage* (of spying) was established, between which arose a novel emulation of baseness and perfidy which surpassed all that had hitherto been seen of the kind. The police put its foot everywhere, and corrupted the most sacred obligations of society. There was no profession, assembly, or company, that did not pay it shameful and cowardly tribute. The Chamber of Peers, the Chamber of Deputies, the French Academy, all classes of the Institute were infested with miserable spies; they swarmed in the city, in the court, in the bosom of the church, and in the heart of the army. Old generals of the empire, and the most renowned of the opposite parties, were personally in communication with the Director *Franchet*, and they sold their ancient brothers in arms, their proper friends, just as they had before sold their Emperor, and afterwards betrayed the secrets of state. What faith can be reposed in the counsels or oaths of such heroes?"

This was the state of things but some five years before the revolution of 1830; and if credulous people suppose that any reform or abandonment of these vile practices followed that grand national *flutter* of three days, let me assure them that they are most egregiously mistaken. I have seen and known enough to be convinced that nothing short of another earthquake, or probably a series of them, will make the rulers of France shake off their old tastes and habits, and set to work sincerely to acquire new. I do not think it worth while to apologize for this and every digression I shall continue to make, for one of my chief objects in this sketch is, to give my reader a passing glimpse of France as it is, and not merely to intrude my egotism upon them.

To go on with my story. It was the next day, I think, after the visit of the ministerial scout already noticed, that I received a summons to repair to the *Prefecture* of the police. What's coming now? I wondered; is it a personal interrogatory that I am to sub-

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mit to? I began to entertain serious notions of abandoning my trip to Ham, rather than undergo all the annoyances likely to accompany it. But then, it occurred to me the occasion was excellent to add to my information of how things are managed in France nowadays, and my curiosity was as lively on this point as the "sentimental voyager's" of time past. Having fortified myself with a goodly assortment of very circular replies to the directest questions that could be addressed me, I drove to the *Prefecture*. On the announcement of my name, my business seemed perfectly known, and I was conducted to the cabinet of one of the numberless under-secretaries, where I was received with great courtesy. The party in question advanced with a paper in his hand, desiring me to be seated, and, after an interchange of polite remarks, came to the point.

"The government," he said, "had received my request—could see no possible good reason for not entertaining it—on the contrary, the government was most happy to have it in its power in any reasonable way to aid in mitigating the painful imprisonment of the Prince Louis Napoleon—that, to be sure, they were under the disagreeable necessity of refusing numerous applications to visit him, from just apprehension of unpleasant consequences—but that, in the present instance, no such objection whatever existed."

"I am exceedingly happy to hear it," I replied, with a cordial salutation; "and when may I anticipate the favor of being allowed to set off?"

"I was just going to add," replied the formal official, "that the Minister would have taken great pleasure in acceding to your wish, but he has been informed that Prince Louis has declined receiving your visit."

"Indeed," I drawled out with an emphasis that conveyed my undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, I assure you," continued the functionary in his blandest

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manner; "the government would have deemed it quite unnecessary to interfere in this matter if his Highness had manifested the smallest concern about it."

"Then, I may rely upon that?" I asked, rather abruptly.

"Oh, undoubtedly. I hope you will accept my positive assurance on that point."

"I do so most cheerfully, and with a view to prove my entire confidence in your word, have the goodness to read this;" handing him a letter I drew from my pocket. The Secretary of the Prefecture of Police read it rapidly over, then turned it round, examined the postmark, and exclaimed in some confusion:

"Why, this is a letter from the Prince, dated yesterday, expressing his desire to see you at your earliest convenience!"

"Exactly so, *Monsieur;* I received it fortunately as I left my hotel to come here; and as there is now, by your declaration, no difficulty whatever in the way of my departure, I need not assure you that I shall be greatly indebted to his Excellency, the Minister of the Interior, for permission to go as soon as possible."

"There must, certainly, be a mistake somewhere," returned the Secretary, very much puzzled.

"*Vous avez raison, Monsieur,* nothing can be clearer," and taking care to recover my letter, I withdrew.

I have related the scene at the Prefecture just as it occurred, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice," and to this day I have never obtained a clue to the mystification. I had reason to know before I got his letter that the Prince would be happy to see me, and, therefore, the "mistake" of the government is all the more inexplicable. It would be excessively indelicate to imagine, for a moment, that such high and mighty persons could condescend to a trick, or even give way to a lively itch for a practical joke. Therefore, I will not imagine it; I prefer, rather, to live on with my curiosity ungratified, and content myself with the charitable conclusion, that mistakes will occur in the best regulated governments. No later than next morning a lancer

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galloped with considerable fracas into the court-yard, and touching his hat *à la militaire* to the porter, handed him a formidable-sized missive from "*Son Excellence, le Ministre de l'Interieur*, for Monsieur"—he took a look at my name, but galloped off again without venturing to pronounce it. A Frenchman can never pronounce anything he can't frenchify, and my Russian patronym is an overdose for most of them. Yes, sure enough, here was a letter from the Minister, all stamped, signed, and sealed with the arms of France, "directing the commandant of the Citadel of Ham to allow the bearer (named) to communicate with Prince Louis Bonaparte." Well, that's settled. "Now, Baptiste," I said, turning to my servant standing by in mute expectation, "have the carriage at the door to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, and order the postillions to be exact, for I mean to reach Ham (a distance of 30 leagues from Paris) by nightfall."

"*Très bien, Monsieur.*"

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II.

BAPTISTE was one of the most punctual of valets, and everything passed off the ensuing morning with due regularity. I had hardly finished my breakfast when the cracking of whips announced the arrival of those *debris* of a bygone epoch in scarlet jackets and high jack-boots, yclept "Postillon," with their tough little horses, their tails tied up, and their harness none of the newest, whose neighing and kicking, mingling with their master's swearing, convey the impression of a competition between them as to which can make the most racket.

Snatching up that *pot-pourri* of newspapers, delicious *Galignani*, I jumped in; Baptiste mounted the *imperiale*, gave the word *en avant*, and away we went slap-dash amid the barking of dogs, and the cries of *bon voyage* from my landlord and landlady, and all the servants of the house who had clustered around.

What a droll set the French are, and how readily they seize a pretext to do nothing, and talk about it; and how they love a sight, no matter whether great or small; whether the coronation of an Emperor, or a traveller starting on his journey. Out they come *en masse*, master and mistress, the porter and his wife, all the he and she domestics of the hotel, and last, not least, the corpulent cook with his white cap of paper.

They group around, taking in reality (there's the wonder) the liveliest interest in the most familiar details; talk kindly to the postillion; discuss the horses; inspect the carriage,—but none think of looking to see if the linch-pins are all right, as a Yankee would.—(This is a defect in the French, they never look after

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their linch-pins in government, or anything else, and the consequence is, every now and then they *come down*.) Then they turn round to exchange sentiments on these obvious nothings, with the same gravity as if they were weighing affairs of state in the balance. Yes, they are a droll set, these dear French, in the eyes of an American, who never talks unless he has something to say, whereas the French talk for the mere love of the thing.

These and similar, were my first reflections whilst rattling over the stones of the metropolis; and as I cleared the *Barrière*, at which end of Paris I do not know, I opened my *Galignani*, and took a delightful souse in that capacious reservoir of news. That done, I lolled back in the well-cushioned corners of the carriage, and began to think, as I sometimes do, of what I was about. "Going to see Prince Louis," said I to myself. "Oh, yes, that's very true," replied myself to I, "but what are you going to see him for?" That was a puzzler. It was five years ago, in London, April, 1840, on my way to America, that I met him for the first time at the hospitable table of his uncle, the *Count de Survilliers*. That dinner I shall ever remember, not only that it was the last time I shared the bounty of King Joseph, but from other interesting circumstances. Amongst his distinguished guests that day was the Countess of Merlin, whose late husband was one of his closest friends and chief officers during his stormy reign in Spain. Her presence seemed to arouse his feelings, and he conversed with more than usual animation. It was his habit to remain silent during the repast, occasionally drinking wine with some one he sought to honor, and when the hurly burly of eating was over to begin talking. As everybody knows, the Countess of Merlin is one of the most accomplished female strategists that the saloons of Paris have ever seen, and with infinite address she drew her former Sovereign back to the realms of his ancient power and grandeur; and kindling with his recollections, the floodgates of memory opened, and the whole company sat for an hour and upwards, intently listening to a variety of

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curious and thrilling anecdotes that no history will ever record. Perhaps the deepest effect produced on me was the frequent and familiar mention of names royal and noble, that historians utter with reverence; above all, was I strangely affected when speaking of the Emperor, he applied to him, as he constantly did, the affectionate phrase, startling from its novelty, of *mon frère*, my brother. The great charm of King Joseph's society, "the divinity that hedged him round," was his extreme simplicity of manners, and total absence of pride of any sort. I can hardly illustrate it better than by citing an occurrence I once witnessed in his drawing-rooms. A lady of high rank was about bidding him adieu, when overcome by her feelings of affection and ancient loyalty, she knelt down, and kissed his hand, a common mark of homage to reigning kings. Joseph seized her instantly by the arm, raised her up, saying reproachfully, "*Madame*," and to my astonishment his cheek reddened. To relieve the embarrassment of the lady, he quickly broke a twig from some flowers standing near, and gallantly presented it with a good natured smile to his former "subject." It was natural that a man at his age should have been touched by this delicate stroke of flattery, for *Lear*, amid the wreck of his fortunes, still remembered that he was "every inch a king." But this was the character of Joseph Bonaparte, as all will confirm who knew him in this country.*

* Some two or three years ago an anecdote highly characteristic was related to me by the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, the legal counsellor and friend of the late Count de Survilliers, during his long residence in this country. One day when they were together, the conversation happened to turn on Prince Louis, who was well spoken of by his uncle, his parts commended, and his patriotism applauded—"but yet it is his misfortune," he continued, "that he has been brought up as a Prince. He has a great deal of valuable experience to learn, that I picked up easily in the rough school of adversity. Had Louis been compelled, as I was, to look about for a living, he would be less inclined to risk the solid comforts of his position by engaging in perilous conspiracies, though I am willing to do justice to his motives." This plain reference to the misfortunes of his family was the more creditable, as he was the most fortunate of all

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Simple, engaging, and amiable, of sound understanding, benevolent heart, and elevated character, he was loved as a king, and respected as a man.

But to return to Prince Louis on the occasion above related. I was forcibly struck by his military aspect, affable manners, intelligent face, pale, and slightly tinged with melancholy. Our conversation was necessarily formal on a first meeting, but the acquaintance began well for me, as I was invited to take a seat in his carriage on leaving, and he politely let me down at Fenton's Hotel. I met him several times during my brief stay; but in the crowded drawing-rooms of London in the height of the fashionable season, connected conversation is out of the question, and I could form, therefore, no conclusive opinion of either his character or intellect from personal observation. He was living, then, in very luxurious style; occupying one of the finest mansions in London, on *Carlton Terrace*, overlooking that lovely park of St. James. His position was enviable indeed; surrounded by a species of court, fêted, and sought after by the highest rank of England; regarded with interest by the public in general; a great name, a romantic history, and imperial pretensions, he might fairly be considered one of the most fortunate of princes, and one of the most blest of mortals. And there are, indeed, few who could have risen above temptations so attractive; but that Louis Napoleon was not a man to bestow his whole time and thoughts on the vapid amusements of society, though far from indifferent to them, is clear from the fact of his publishing, during his London residence, a very striking book entitled, "The Ideas of Napoleon." This book made a great sensation at the time, and was translated into every language of Europe. A distinguished statesman of England spoke of it in this wise:

"Since the fall of Napoleon, France has been divided into two

his brothers, having married the daughter of a rich banker, whose sister was afterwards espoused by Bernadotte, and is the still surviving Queen Dowage of Sweden.

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hostile corps. On the one side are the men of *order* and *authority*,* but who have not the sentiments of the masses, and who, consequently, cannot obtain their confidence. On the other side are the men of popular principles, it is true, but whose ideas of liberty, badly conceived, are incompatible with authority, and they know nothing about government. But the author of the 'Ideas of Napoleon' has taken a new position in causing to flow from the very principles of liberty a grand idea of order and authority."

Without stopping to discuss the merits of Prince Louis's Commentaries on the Emperor's ideas, which are certainly remarkable, I will quote a passing criticism on its style. It conveys a better notion of the Prince's powers, as I have since discovered, than any other I have seen:

"His mind is lucid, firm, direct, like all intellects which regard from a height, far and swift, and cast in a synthetical mould, which is a result of the study of the exact sciences. The Prince Napoleon renders his thoughts with clearness, precision, and brevity; as many ideas as words. It is like a cannon ball which strikes before we know whence it comes, or what road it has followed. The mark, has it been struck? the thought, is it expressed? is it clear? is it terse? is it true? The Prince desires no more, and he passes on to another. There is something of the genius of Napoleon in this, and of the mould in which his conceptions were formed."

It was only a few months after the period of which I am speaking that I learned the event which caused such universal astonishment; his rash attempt at Boulogne, and its signal and mortifying failure. His fault, his folly, or his crime, as it is

* These words, I wish to explain, have a deeper signification than that they bear on the surface. By *authority* is meant a strong government, that is, again, a government of the old style, an absolute, despotic government. It is with these antiquated ideas of government, but deep-seated and widespread, that the "liberty men" are contending, and which keeps Europe constantly in agitation.

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variously viewed by different parties, he is now expiating, and the rigorous captivity of several years is a bitter penalty for the dreams of a too sanguine ambition. As far as I could analyse my own motives in undertaking this visit, besides the honor conferred on me, it was to discover, if possible, the secret origin of those enterprises of Strasburgh and Boulogne, which really seem so reckless, and, at first sight, so unjustifiable. What prompted them? merely a thirst for action, or the vanity to wear a crown. Upon what means did he rely? the enthusiasm of the masses, or well-combined plans of attack. And what was to be the result if he succeeded? the idle possession of power, or the holy application of it to the benefit of his country, the suppression of abuses, and the advancement of liberty! There are so many conflicting accounts and rumors of the character, sentiments, and very generally of the incapacity of Prince Louis,* that I felt a very ardent anxiety to satisfy myself as far as possible on these not unimportant points; for, notwithstanding that I have been a

* Touching this point of character I am gratified to quote from the *London Examiner* the following observations of *Mr. Fonblanque*, its editor, who is admitted to be not only one of the ablest writers of England; but one of the most upright and estimable of men.—"Many scornful allusions," he says, "have been made to Louis Napoleon, and we, for our own part, have not been sparing in our comments on his silly attempts at Strasburgh and Boulogne. He has had his follies, but it is most unjust to take the measures of his character from those follies; and all who know him will agree that, apart from his pretendership, which latterly has been in abeyance, he is a thoroughly sensible and well-informed man. He has had much prejudice to encounter, and not unnaturally, but he has overcome it, in whatever circles he has moved, by his good sense, his urbanity, and unaffected manners. Whether he is the man for the destinies of France may be discussed without a personal disparagement, which is really as little necessary for the solution of the question, as it is undue."

When it is remembered how easily Louis Philippe was overthrown, the attempts at Strasburgh and Boulogne seem less "silly"—but of that by-and-by.

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good deal jested with lately on the matter, I still maintain, that the chances of Louis Napoleon to the French throne are a good many per cent. better than either of the Bourbon branches, and why? because, in a word, he is a Bonaparte, and they are Bourbons. With the former are allied democratic associations and sympathies, for Napoleon, though of noble family, served a plebeian apprenticeship to fame, and rose to power through his own efforts and the support of the people; whereas the latter are identified with centuries of tyranny, crime, and suffering, and found their claims on hereditary possession and not in the right of election. The Imperial dynasty, in the eyes of the people, represents their own sovereignty and the cause of the revolution; whilst the old regal line is connected with ideas of reaction, and a return to the hateful days of prerogative. Yes, I believe, nor have I scrupled to assert it, that whenever it may please Heaven to remove Louis Philippe and his system, and both seem indissolubly united, that the curtain will rise on a new play, full of action, exciting scenes, unlooked for catastrophes, "the whole to conclude with a grand tableau;" in which, if my imagination does not carry me away, will appear, amid the blaze of *feux pyrotechniques* and the firing of cannon, Louis Napoleon, as Emperor of all the French, and some hordes of Algerines. This seems very improbable at the moment when M. Guizot is so serenely sure of his power that he hardly takes the pains to hide his game, but plays it out right openly. But whilst his eye wanders complacently over the surface, mine is busy piercing the depths beneath; and this soil of France is volcanic. Who can tell at what moment the crater will open and the lava pour forth? Every man should have a reason for his opinion; and why I think Prince Louis has a hold, and a strong one, on the popular mind, is upon these grounds. The masses everywhere reason clearly and to the point; never bothering their brains with fine-spun theories, but deciding on facts only. The French people, mind, I say the *people*, have logically reasoned thus: "We were tricked in 1830—our

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wretchedness is unabated—we are beyond helping ourselves; blessed be the friendly hand that struck at the incubus that keeps us down,—that hand is a Bonaparte's,—that incubus is a Bourbon;—when we are up again we shall act accordingly." There is no sophistry here, for these are events of history; and, in my view, Prince Louis, though ridiculed for his failures, is only endeared the more to the popular heart. Oh, but his motives! —say the other side. Again I repeat, the people rarely stop to weigh motives. With their rough sagacity they have discerned that there is nothing so uncertain and mixed in this world as men's motives. Were patriotism, philanthropy, and the whole catalogue of virtues thrown into the crucible, the ingredients for the most part would thus be resolved: 5¾ parts for others, 6¼ for self. This, I beg to remark, is what the people think. For myself, I have much loftier and more romantic notions of the motives of patriots and philanthropists. I have seen so many of them in all places. Well, the French people, then, care not a whit for the motives assigned to Prince Louis, nor even for those he really entertained, be they for their good entirely, or partly for his own. All they know and will remember—and there is no gratitude so long-lived as the people's—is, that he came down twice tilting at Louis Philippe; and whether, in his Quixotic endeavors, he was followed by one Sancho Panza, or sixty; or whether he had a live eagle, or a dead one, hanging at his saddle-bow,* is to them, severally and jointly, a matter of very profound indifference.

* I inquired when in England (last year), into this often quoted story of the "live Eagle," and, to my surprise, really found there was something in it. Count D'Orsay thus related it from one of the actors therein. The steamer carrying the expedition stopped to take up its complement at Gravesend, and, as might very well happen in this crowded seaport, a sailor was standing on the quay with an eagle to sell; a speculation of his own. "*Voilà une belle idée!*" exclaimed one of the sprightly cavaliers, whose invention was likely sharpened by a bottle of *Sillery Mousseux*, "here's a good idea. I'll buy this eagle and fly it over Boulogne. The 'green-grocers' who will likely assail us, will imagine it has been hatched by the Emperor's monument, and

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At all events, "that is my opinion," as the man says in the play, "though I may be mistaken." How many hours I spent in these profound cogitations, I am not aware, but they were suddenly put to flight by the abrupt announcement of Baptiste, as if he were in a hurry to say it, that we had got to *Compeigne;* "Very glad of it," I answered, "for I am hungry. Order dinner instantly; meanwhile I'll stroll through the town."

Declining the services of a *valet de place*, for I hate to be bear-led about; and on the other hand, delight especially in wandering through a strange town, surprising myself, and wondering what in the world—*that* place is; without having everything rattled out by a loquacious *cicerone* in advance. From long habit I rarely lose myself, and when I do, am greatly amused in trying to find myself—which sometimes happens to the politicians, but with less success than generally attends my efforts.

But once only in Moscow, on a dark night coming from the theatre, I got into a downright "fix," and liked to have been run through by a dozen outlandish Cossacks, standing as sentinels at the corners, for not replying to their horrid gibberish,—because I couldn't. *Compeigne* is rather a fine town, and celebrated for its palace, where Napoleon, in 1810, first met Maria Louisa, but I had no time to go and see it. The streets, like all French streets, are some of them long, some of them narrow, and most of them dirty. Here and there is a fine opening called a *place*. The houses are of stone, very old-looking, and more resembling fortresses built to resist those feudal robbers, who, in the Middle Ages, used to rush in and fleece the burghers, than the convenient and airy dwellings which better suit our pacific times. The shops, like all French shops, are neat and attractive; their goods

drop their muskets in awe and wonder." The experiment, however, was never tried, for the poor eagle was taken prisoner aboard the steamer, where he was forgotten, and Prince Louis never heard of the joke until he saw it afterwards in the papers. However, as leaders get all the glory, they must expect to bear their share of the follies of their followers.

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tastefully bestrewed with a nice eye to effect. I dropped into several, more to have a chat than to make purchases; that's the way—I recommend it to young travellers—to pick up information. And in France the shops are so inviting; perhaps because they are reigned over by the ladies. How odd it looks to an American to see a woman keeping the books, watching the clerks, and exercising supreme authority; whilst the poor wretch of a husband, if he is there at all, is somewhere out of the way, meekly employed in the humblest details of his business, trusting fanatically to the wit and blandishments of his helpmate for quick sales and good profits. And who can stop to haggle with them, so charmingly dressed; so elegantly *coiffées;* or so gaily decked in their neat caps and cherry-colored ribbons. And they are not afraid of the police, not they; and they know as much of politics, and more, than the *maire* of the *commune*. But for the women a traveller could know little of the popularity of the ministers out of Paris; and I should infer from what I picked up in *Compeigne*, that when the present dynasty "goes out of office," nobody will put on mourning.

Gobbling down my dinner, for I had lost time talking politics, I was done in ten minutes, and as Baptiste closed the carriage-door on me, I ordered him to keep the postillions hard at it without counting the *pourboire*, for, I added, *je suis* "bound to go through." "*Plait-il?*" queried Baptiste, quite mystified. "*N'importe—en avant,*" I said, waving my hand. I love to use an American phrase now and then in a foreign country—it comes so pat; is so expressive, and puts one in mind of home. Baptiste is sorely discomfited by this wantonness of mine, and no doubt regrets his barbarous ignorance of the English language, little dreaming that in America we have set up phrases of our own that would perplex a Cockney as deeply as a Greek Idyll.

To while away time, I picked up a French book I brought along with me, entitled "The Chateau of Ham," published in 1842. The author had been one, he says, of the very few who

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by skilful contrivance had won over the Cerberus of the "Home office," and got permission to visit the Prince Napoleon, of whom he gives a highly wrought sketch. This work is well written. What wonderful facility the French have for writing. It seems to come by nature, so limpid flow their sentences; so sparkling is their fancy; so copious their remark. In expression no writers excel them, so pointed, pithy, and pretty. In logical arrangement they are not surpassed by Aristotle or Bacon; but in knowledge, candor forces me to declare, they are often *quite* inferior. The French write chiefly to amuse, rarely to instruct. Even Montesquieu oftener thought of glitter than truth, and he would not hesitate to confuse a student's ideas of government, rather than sacrifice the dramatic structure of a sentence. Yes, French writers have too much *esprit*, as they call intellect; they are always running after theories, soaring on wings of speculation, or seating themselves complacently on a high mountain of hypothesis, nearly out of sight. To plod along on the plain, hard, dry road of fact and common sense, they won't do it. The readers must go ballooning with them, whether or not; so spurning the earth, you find them like Mahomet's coffin, always suspended in the air, where dangling, let us leave them. I could explain this phenomenon, which is connected with the history of their civilization, but that would be far too prosy just now.

My author of the *Chateau of Ham* mingles more matter-of-fact than usual with his rhetoric, and his book is very artistically constructed, like all French books. In a glowing preface he tells us all about himself, as an author should; and it appears that his bosom is stuffed full of disgust of what he calls the organized disorder in France, and I don't wonder. He has tried his hand at all parties, and hear what he says of them.

"Oh, the sterile instability of some; the sepulchral immobility of others; the envious mediocrity of these; the exclusive ambition of those; the collective helplessness of all." This is rather fine, French, and vague, but after writing in the same

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strain for some lines longer, he states, "that all these things, all these parties, and all these men, have made a Free-thinker of him who writes these pages." And thus cured of all illusion, above all anger, and free from pledges, he quitted Paris, which is next to quitting the world, and came down to Ham to see what prospects France had of future happiness, should the luckless prisoner there ever be transferred from a dungeon to a throne.

The greater part of the book itself is taken up with the history of Ham and its celebrated fortress. The origin of the town, he says, is lost in the shades of tradition, but of that by-and-by. He relates a number of curious and thrilling stories of the old citadel, which was re-constructed in the 15th century, and passing by "sack and storm," from the possession of one feudal lord to another, has experienced all the rough vicissitudes which chequer the history of the middle ages. What varying scenes of horror must have been witnessed there—what furious onslaught in the moats around—what scaling of walls—what death-struggling on the battlements—what carnage mingling with shouts, and the trumpet's blast; and then the calm which followed victorious possession—the short-lived peace consumed in feasts and intrigues—the tournament by day—the wassail by night, till the silence of midnight reposed on these grim ramparts, broken only by the slow tramp of the sentinel, the warder's challenge, or the groan of some sinking wretch in the dungeons beneath! It makes one shiver to read of the cruelties of which that grey old castle of Ham has been the bloody theatre.

There are horrors enough in my author's book to eke out a dozen melo-dramas and six first-rate novels, to suit the love-and-murder taste of the day. It was here, among other strange incidents related by the "Free-thinker," that the last heir of Charlemagne was imprisoned and died; and now the heir of the modern Charlemagne is sent here to linger in the hope of his dying.

At last, having finished with the town and the castle, my

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chronicler arrives at his main topic, Prince Louis, of whom he discourses in this fashion: 'It was the rare good fortune of the writer to find himself face to face with the nephew of Napoleon for several hours, which that Prince nobly occupied with one of those frank and intelligent conversations which the mind and the heart never forget. The author entered the Chateau of Ham indifferent, reserved, and shall he say it, full of distrust; but resigned, if necessary, to return with the same indifference, and a disappointment the more like a logician, who, accustomed to failures, still goes on searching the solution of his problem, when he has only as yet the premises to support him. But when he heard the Prince raise and assimilate himself by the elevation, liberality, and patriotism of his ideas, to the level of his origin; when he saw that there—separated by the walls of a prison of state from all that world without, of ambition, of cupidities, and self-aspirations, which, dominating and unrestrained, weakens, wastes, and devours this fine country of France; that there he had before him a noble young man who loved better to pine away slowly each day of his captive life under his native sky, than joyfully to pass his days, fêted and gay, on a foreign soil, amid all the delights that youth, fortune, and a great name could bestow. When he felt—" But it is not worth while to venture quoting some pages more of the author's sensations, which go on *crescendo*, swelling and dilating till they reach a climax of alarming intensity, when he seeks relief in the following declaration: "Oh, then, the author of this book came out of the Chateau of Ham, his heart as full as his mind; staggering under the weight of his emotions and thoughts, like a man who had just beheld a great soul, *aux prises*, struggling with a lofty reason." What he exactly means by this I cannot precisely make out; perhaps my reader can. After a deal more caracoling of the same sort, he brings up at last on a grandiloquent piece of writing, where the chief incidents of Prince Louis's life are set forth with a pomp not likely to please the taste of a good

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critic in biography. "Grandson of an Empress! son of a king! nephew of the Emperor!" (and he might have added, cousin-german of the Imperial families of Austria, Russia, and Brazil, and of the royal ones of Sweden, Wirtemburg, &c. !) "Born amid the sound of the cannon of Wagram, and at the very height of the marvels of the Imperial epoch, and under the regards of the eagle whose wings touched the Pyrenees and the Danube!

"Inscribed on the great book of state deposited in the Senate house deciding the order of succession to the throne!

"Banished in perpetuity, he and his, from the country which gave them rank in exchange of glory!

"Receiving in exile an education at once manly and useful, as if, like a child of the people, he expected his fortune only from his personal labors! Devoted to the study of the arts and sciences, as if he were condemned to require of them the eternal oblivion of his fallen grandeur and the charms of a life opulent but tranquil! Formed, however, early to the life of a camp, whence the chief of his race came forth an Emperor, as though it was in the camp only he could expect to find the new consecration of his family and name!

"Soldier of the popular cause in Italy, where one of his uncles gave away thrones and principalities; where another wore a crown; where still another reigned as Vice-Roy!

"Disdaining to reign over a country which was not that of his birth;* yet wandering over it proscribed at the moment when, in 1830, it rose to deliver itself; bnt who was not included in the new chart of freedom, though he begged, as a favor supreme, an asylum for which he would sacrifice his blood and his gold!

"Throwing himself twice resolutely into bold enterprises, when, after the danger was past, the terrors reassured of some—the faded hopes of others,—sought vengeance in slander; and that

* This refers to the refusal by Prince Louis of the hand of Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

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when it is known as regards the first (Strasburgh) it failed only through that chance which disconcerts the calculations of the most provident genius, and which is called *l'inattendu*.

"Representative of the vote of four millions, and judged as if that vote had never been given!

"Condemned to a perpetual prison, as if the shameful treaties of 1815 could be maintained in perpetuity!

"Enfin, cradled in his infancy between two thrones; his youth given up to the lessons and trials of exile; prisoner at thirty-four years in his own country, which, alas, he will lose, the day he ceases to be so! the Prince Napoleon Louis reunites in himself, at this hour, all the grandeurs and reverses it has pleased the good and bad fortune of France to accumulate, in less than half a century, on that grand Imperial dynasty which Napoleon founded; which the sovereignty of the people enthroned; that the Holy Alliance proscribed; and of which the rock of St. Helena devoured the trunk, the court of Vienna the branch, and of which the prison of Ham promises to consume what is left!" Now a less ambitious penman would have given in plainer language much clearer information, by simply stating the naked facts of the case, which with the utmost brevity I will subjoin. Prince Louis was born in 1808 (a whole year before "the sound of the cannon of Wagram"), and is the second son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and of Hortense de Beauharnais, the daughter of the Empress Josephine. In 1815, when the Imperial family was expatriated, Hortense fled with her two sons to Switzerland. Here Prince Louis received a military education from General Dufour, and remained in quiet till 1830, when, with the elder brother, he joined the democratic cause in Italy. After taking part in several engagements his brother suddenly fell ill and died, and he was prostrated by the same mysterious sickness.*

* It is believed to this day in Italy that his brother and himself were poisoned by hired assassins, and there are many details to justify the belief. Their joint removal would have been a great relief to many of those who, like Macbeth, "eat their bread in fear."

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On his recovery he returned to Paris, and applying to enter the French army, was refused, and summoned to quit the kingdom. He retired again to Switzerland; published several books, military and political; made the attempt at Strasburgh which sent him to America, and again the attempt at Boulogne, which consigned him to Ham—the very place which I am now approaching with every change of horses.

Baptiste, meanwhile, is doing wonders, and displays all the dexterity of an old courier. It is not by paying a franc or two above their pay merely that you inspire the whip arm of the French *postillon*, much less do you get speed out of him by remonstrance or complaint. But maintaining a friendly interest in the newness of his toggery, or "like a scurvy politician," as Lear says, "seeming not to see" the holes in their patched *culottes;* praising their nags; perhaps with great delicacy venturing a doubt of their ability to go; asking after his sweetheart, and expressing your entire confidence in no rival keeping pace with him either on the road or in the favor of his *bien-aimée*. These are the ways and means to reach the heart of a French postillion; and it was amusing to see with what adroitness Baptiste threw his *lasso*, and how cunningly he managed them, giving them words for sous, which, disinterested souls, they like as well. No such currency would pass "down-east."

Darkness came on as we sped along the high-road, and I closed the book of the "Free-Thinker," nothing loath. I did not like his inflated style, his bombastic phrases, his never-ending terraces of climax which carried you up, up, till you lost your wind, and all recollection of the place you started from. It is all very well to make the most of your hero; to array his virtues in admiring order; to throw a graceful veil over his faults—of course, if he has any; this is conciliating and allowed. But to Boswell your Johnson to death; to insist on his uniting every excellence and accomplishment; that he is the just one made perfect; that he is a great man in *esse*, and a great angel in

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posse,—why this is to overshoot the mark, and knock your idol down.

Prince Louis must have a deal of vitality of some sort to survive all the ridiculous things written about him (this amongst the rest), as well as some unaccountable things he has done. In this way I mused a long while with my cloak gathered about me—for it was a crisp evening in autumn—and my cap pulled down over my brows, to the charming accompaniment of the rapid pattering of the horses' hoofs on the hard road, and the steady roll of the carriage-wheels. I was in a queer state of *betweenity*, as Willis would say, with my head in the land of Nod, and my feet rather cold under the opposite seat, when the door opened with a jerk, and "*Arrivé, Monsieur*," was almost shouted in my ear by the contented Baptiste.

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III.

I WAS cordially welcomed to Ham by a tall, fine-looking man, with a bright face and pleasant smile, the landlord of the only hostelry in this very old, but very small town. He escorted me up one pair of stairs to a neat salon with a bedroom attached, everything wearing a neat and tidy appearance, that gave me a good opinion of the *dame du menage*. No carpets on the floor of tile, which are not to be looked for out of Paris, and there they are used more for ornament than comfort. A piece no larger than probably answered Aladdin for journeying through the air is usually paraded before your bed, and sometimes a rug is decoratively disposed before the fire-place, which looks dreadfully lonesome without a carpet for company. It is a long while before an American recovers from his sense of discomfort in living in a room with a bare floor; but he does at last, and that is the advantage of travelling, which shakes off those local ideas which identify enjoyment with numberless superfluities that really have no other value than custom gives them. Having made survey of my apartment amid the profuse recommendations of my host, I essayed to cut off his loquacious tattle, by saying it would do. But this only changed the subject, for after asking and answering his own questions about my journey down, he added, "Ah, *Monsieur*, how I envy you the privilege of seeing the Prince Louis!" I looked up in surprise. "Why, is it so common a thing for travellers," I inquired, "to visit the citadel that you infer I came here for that purpose?"

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"*Oh, mon dieu*, no; but everybody in Ham knew this morning that *Monsieur* was coming to see the Prince."

This was a poser, for I only knew it myself the evening before; and how the intelligence could have been anticipated some twelve hours after all my hurry along the road—that was just what, after cudgelling my brains for some minutes, I could in no wise make out.

"Pray, allow me to ask how 'everybody' got this information," I said, considerably perplexed.

"*Certainement*," replied Boniface, delighted to oblige me, "the police was telegraphed last night, and instructions sent down with full particulars of *Monsieur's* intended visit."

"Indeed," I responded, by no means overjoyed at this pertinacity of the police-office. "It is really very good-natured in the minister to take so much pains about me. He evidently attaches more importance to my business here than I do myself." I spoke in a tone keenly ironical, and my host was not slow to perceive my displeasure. He seemed astonished thereat, and opined, "that *Monsieur* was not Français."

"No, thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, giving vent to my feelings. "That is to say, I thank my stars that I live in a country where respectable people are not treated like rogues, and where telegraphs are put to a better use than reporting the transits of quiet travellers." From the dubious expression of the landlord's face it was pretty clear that he had his misgivings whether there really was such a country as that in the world (it is nowhere in Europe, and but few there imagine there is a world beyond it); and he was inclined to think I was trying to be facetious. I put an end to his mental conjectures, however, by ordering supper. "The best you have, and plenty of it;" for my vexation and long abstinence had whetted my appetite. It is supremely ridiculous, certainly, thought I, this dodging a man about from Paris to Ham; I wonder my baggage is not inspected to see if it contain a rope-ladder, or any other suspicious material. However,

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there's no use in losing one's temper at absurdities that after all are amusing; so humming a tune, I looked out of the window to make out if I could from *prima facie* evidence, what sort of a place Ham was. All I could descry through the darkness was a great square before the hotel whose confines were lost in the obscurity of the night. My supper was brought in, and I turned round with a relish. I am no *gourmand*, but confess to a vigorous appetite and a fastidious palate; and if there is anything in the whole list of edibles that would beget a craving under the ribs of death, it is, remember it, reader, a French capon, delicately overlaid with a thin *morçeau de jambon*, and daintily embroidered with *persil*. I never think of it but a feeling is roused within of deep desire, somewhat analogous in force, only different in kind, to that which stirred Virginius when longing to get hold of Appius, whom his vengeance wished to banquet on. "Set him before me, oh! ye Gods!" My savory repast was further seasoned with the lively chat of the *garçon*. What a cheerful, gossiping set these French *garçons* are, with their long white aprons and napkins tucked under the arm. How different from that demure and servile race of English waiters, whose affected obsequiousness you can't help suspecting is making faces at you on the reverse side. *Tout passe*, as the proverb has it, and though in no hurry my supper was soon finished, and I rose from the table like a "giant refreshed." But I was in no humor for going to bed, and as wine delights me not, nor cigars either, I was a little put to it for amusement. A thought struck me; I'll have a talk. I felt expansive and communicative; but where's the victim? Baptiste; just the fellow;—he's paid for bearing my humors. Besides, no small curiosity possessed me to know more of this droll creature. For though in my European experience I had met with many of his tribe, he struck me in many respects as a later edition, as it were, of all the rest.

The moral physiologists of England, Dickens, Smith, Thackeray, have in their ingenious and learned investigations of the

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English animal, through all its grades of social development, elaborately described under the genus woman, a particular species nomenclated "Maid of all work." Now, the class to which Baptiste belongs is the French male to the English female here alluded to, and may with sufficient clearness be described the "Man of all work." No sooner does a traveller rise from his breakfast the first day of his arrival in Paris, than a well-dressed man with that unmistakable air which may be expressed in the phrase of "having seen a thing or two," presents himself. Does Monsieur want to travel? why, he has been everywhere, knows every road and every trick on it. Does Monsieur only want a guide about Paris? he will promise to skim the cream of all the "sights" in six days, without fatiguing you. But, if you are an habitué of Paris, then he merely hands you a few letters from his late masters, a Russian Boyard, or an Italian Prince, to prove that he is accustomed to good society, and stands ready to have his resources put to the test.

Baptiste was all this, and something more. He had the traits of his class in his physiognomy; the lines about the mouth indicated an aptitude without limits, and in the dry leer of his eye might be traced a boundless aversion to anything like regular, or serious labor of any sort. There was something fidgety in his manner; a restless anxiety to know everybody's business, and an eternal activity of disposition that satisfied me there was never a fête, fight, or frolic in Paris, where he was not recognised as a leader, and followed with enthusiasm. There was only one subject he had never touched upon, and I suspected it lay nearest his heart. Just at this moment he knocked, and came to know if I had any further orders for the night.

"Sit down there for a few minutes, Baptiste," I said, pointing to a chair near the window.

"*Volontiers, Monsieur,*" and he seated himself at once, as though accustomed to such marks of condescension.

"It has just occurred to me, Baptiste," I observed, "that I have

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never heard a political sentiment escape you. Now, I think that the 'destinies of France' have a good deal more to do with the opinions of your set, than those of your masters, for while not one in ten of these I find have a conviction, you fellows go out in the streets and fight for yours. Let me have your opinion of M. Guizot."

"*Pardon, Monsieur,*" said Baptiste, after a moment's silence, which he employed staring at me with a very comical expression of wonder.

"Don't pardon me, Baptiste," I continued, "but speak out—your caution would be more reasonable if you were as tenderly looked after by the police as I am."

"That is just what I dread," he answered with a start. "I have suffered so much already; twice in prison, and—"

"What's that you say?" I demanded, changing color; "in prison, and for what crime?"

"No great crime, Monsieur, in my view," he replied in a tone of palliation. "You see, I fought through the 'three days' of 1830, and—"

"Just what I suspected," I remarked.

"Yes, Monsieur," continued Baptiste, his eyes brightening, "and it was rare sport. I was the first man in the Tuileries, where I slept all night on the throne of the Bourbons. That was satisfaction enough, and I was paid for my wounds."

"Well, was that all you barricaded for?"

"*Oh mon Dieu, non, Monsieur,* I wanted to get rid of Charles X. and his priests, and then—"

"Get Louis Philippe and his politicians in their places, eh," I said, smiling.

"*Sacrebleue,*" exclaimed Baptiste, carried away by his feelings; "it is enough to make a poor man swear to see how we are treated. When we suffer in peace, these journalists inflame our hearts, and promise us relief if we only come out and be killed for them. And then, *Nom de Dieu,*" he broke out again, "one

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set takes the other set's places, and they turn round and break our heads for reminding them of their promises."

"That will teach you better next time, Baptiste," was my brief commentary; "but how did you get in prison?"

"Why, you see, Monsieur," he answered, grinding his teeth, "when I and the rest of us discovered how the game was going; that not a single law was altered for the better—that not a single tax was lowered—that our wine, tobacco, and salt, were to be no cheaper, and that our money was spent more extravagantly on a government of clerks (commis) than it was even by the priests—Why, then, Monsieur, we thought we'd try it again. But *par Dieu*, how they cut us up. I was seized and treated like a dog, and when I got out, I took the first chance that offered and was served in the same way again, and if it had not been for my old master General ——, I should have been in the galleys by this time."

"Very well," I said, "I hope you are wiser for your experience, and have learnt that there is no use contending with the politicians. If they tell you the people are only born to be taxed and cheated, you should do your best to believe it, for you see they can't be convinced to the contrary, with all your fighting."

"Why, is that the way the people do in your country?" inquired Baptiste, as if he only wanted that to be satisfied of the soundness of my advice.

"Oh, in my country, Baptiste, the people are a very sharp set of fellows, and they understand their interests too clearly to be hoodwinked by politicians; though, even there, some are fools enough to try it, but their fate serves as a warning to the rest."

"What a happy country that must be of yours, Monsieur. We feel by our sufferings that all is wrong here, but every newspaper and orator has a different remedy. We don't know which to believe, though we are dreadfully put to it. Oh, Monsieur, you little dream amid the plenty of Paris what starving

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there is in the country, and were I to relate the condition of my own family it would move your pity, for I see, *mon maître*, you take an interest in us poor devils!"

"Well, I'll not deny that, Baptiste; and if I were not an American I should like to be a Frenchman, for there is plenty of work in France to keep a man busy who is fond of an active life. But it is desperate work for you people, without a leader, and the police blocking up every road around you."

"But we don't mean to give it up whilst there's life in us," said Baptiste, in a tone not to be mistaken; "and," he added, shaking his finger at some unseen object out of the window, "those gates will be opened some day, and I mean to be present at the ceremony."

"What gates?" I asked, rather mystified.

"Of the citadel of Ham!" he said, with strong emphasis.

"What!" retorted I, astonished, "are you a Bonapartiste?"

"To the death!" was the grim reply.

"Well, if I had entertained the smallest suspicion of that," answered I, not a little annoyed, "I should not have brought you here, you may depend on it."

"That is just what I feared, Monsieur, so I said nothing about it?"

"You are a shrewd fellow, Baptiste; but what is this? You talked just now like a republican, and you turn out a Bonapartiste. One would have thought you had got a surfeit of kings and emperors by this time."

"We have had enough of Bourbons, Monsieur, but we'd like to try another Bonaparte, if only out of reverence for the Emperor, whose worship is our only religion in France."

"Come, Baptiste, don't get profane."

"*Non*, Monsieur. We are not fools enough to believe there is another like him, for the mould is broken he was cast in; but I don't know how it is, the people *will* fancy that a Bonaparte must be true to them."

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"And so if you had your choice to-morrow, you would take the empire instead of the republic, eh?"

"Well, to be frank with you, Monsieur, I don't see any difference. Napoleon was called a consul during the republic, and an emperor afterwards, but that was the only change, as they say in our club.* And now we have got a citizen-king, but what alteration has that brought, as I was just saying?"

"That's very good logic, Baptiste, and I must do you men of the people the justice to say, that I never converse with you without being struck with your good common sense. If your government and politicians had the most remote idea of it, I think they would hardly venture to bamboozle you so impudently."

"Ah, that they will find out one day to their cost," answered Baptiste, with a significant nod of his head.

"Well, you may go to-bed now, and wake me up at seven in the morning."

It may be supposed that it was far from a pleasant discovery to find that I had a hot-headed Bonapartiste in my train. This was quite enough to subject me to the suspicions of the police, and let them alone for knowing it. And it was pretty clear besides, that Baptiste was hourly, I could see it, boiling up to an explosive point of enthusiasm, and there's no trusting these fiery and impulsive French. There is not a nobler people in the world, but they go off constantly half-cocked. If Baptiste should break out even in his sleep with a cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" ten to one we should both be arrested and packed off to Paris under an escort of *gensdarmes*. I must keep a sharp eye on him, was my latent reflection on getting into bed.

Bless me, what a quiet place this Ham is, struck me next. I

* It will be hereafter seen that Baptiste was an active member of a secret society which are as thoroughly ramified over Paris as the gas-pipes, and like them are mostly concealed under ground.

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missed the murmur and hum of the capital. It would give me the *blues* to stay here a week ; and then, I thought of the dreary five years poor Prince Louis had lingered through in that gloomy old fortress hard by. Thus thinking and sympathizing I fell asleep.

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IV.

I WAS up betimes next morning, and took a saunter through the town, that invited no particular remark, save that a place which had been so many hundred years growing should have made so little progress. A village in Ohio would run round it before they had finished building one of their little two-story stone houses, I was going to say; but then it should be borne in mind that what with governments, ecclesiastical, feudal, monarchical, and what not, poor Ham has been burnt up and pulled down more times than I have space to tell. There is but one street in the place, and that so long and crooked that in following it without thought I got completely wound up, and began to despair of unravelling the mystery, when a market-cart hove in sight, and following in its wake I got safe home again. Immediately after breakfast I sent Baptiste off with my card to the commandant of the citadel, with my compliments, to know at what hour I should present myself for admission. Meanwhile the landlord came in with the startling intelligence that there were a couple of *gensdarmes* at the door waiting to escort me to the Police Office.

"Why, what's in the wind now?" I asked, beginning to get a little nervous.

"*Rien, Monsieur*, it is only a formality. They wish to see you in person to verify the description they have received."

"Well, confound their impudence, why can't they come here, then, if that's all they want?"

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The landlord was a good deal amused at my want of reverence for the police, and intimated that in France the greatest deference was paid to their minutest wishes, whatever might be the private inclinations of the parties complying. I expressed my resolute determination not to go near them, at which the landlord smiled in a way to convince me that I would change my mind.

To turn the subject I spoke of Prince Louis, and found the topic highly congenial to mine host. He was copious and eloquent in his praises, and said how impossible it was to express the interest the whole town took in the welfare of the unfortunate prisoner. He related numberless acts of his kindness of heart, and said that he was in the habit of expending the greater part of his revenue on the poor of the place, who had never, since his captivity, stood a moment in need of clothing or food during the rigors of a Norman winter.

Here Baptiste shot into the room quite out of breath, and very pale: "*Je l'ai vu!* I have see him," was his only exclamation.

"Well, what did he say?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't speak to him," he replied, with his eyes flashing, "but I saw him on the ramparts walking with his hands behind him, just like the Emperor."

"What, the commandant?"

"No, the Prince, Monsieur."

"Why, have you lost your senses?" I demanded, "I sent you to inquire when I could be admitted to the citadel."

"*Pardon, mon maître,* I quite forgot to mention it; your card and message were carried in, for I was not allowed to cross the drawbridge. The commandant returns his compliments, and says he will be happy to see you at one o'clock."

No expostulations I found would answer, but go to the police office I must. I succeeded, however, in compromising the matter by sending off those hang-dog *gensdarmes*, and going there under the convoy of my landlord. After a due inspection of my

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nose and eyebrows, &c., my letter from the minister was looked at, as I had no passport, and then I was asked when I should leave Ham on my return to Paris.

"In three or four days, I suppose, but that depends upon circumstances." It was just as I pleased, they replied, but I must do them the favor of another call before going, to state my intention, and get a return passport. Thence I made my way for the citadel, and had nearly got there before I espied Baptiste close in my rear.

"What are you about, Baptiste?" I said rather roughly; "you must go back."

The poor fellow seemed horrified at his sentence, and his countenance filled with emotion. He showed strong symptoms of falling on his knees, and began to implore me to let him follow.

"Oh!" he entreated, "only let me see the Prince, but for a minute only."

"How absurdly you talk, Baptiste! what privilege have I in the matter? And suppose you are allowed to pass the guard, how do I know that it will be agreeable to the Prince in taking such a liberty?"

All my remonstrances were drowned in a flooding tide of prayers and supplications, so I gave up the point and told him he might take his chance. I had still a few minutes to spare, which I spent walking about, surveying the fortress, that covers several acres of ground, and is of vast extent. It is quadrangular in shape, and protected at either corner by a round tower of great height and solidity. Its walls too were lofty, and of unusual massiveness, with buttresses of great width and strength; a double ditch connected by drawbridges at the main entrance completely encircled it, and so cut off all possibility of its capture by surprise. It is a magnificent relic of the feudal age, and I was still curiously gazing at it with reflections on its eventful history, when the clock of the citadel struck one, and I strode off hurriedly towards the main portal. The drawbridge was down, and the port-

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icullis up, as if a visitor were expected, and passing onwards, I encountered successively several *corps de garde*, and numerous sentries, who let me go by unchallenged, having, doubtless, received orders to that effect. Baptiste stuck to me like my shadow, though he got a sharp look from the *Concierge*, as emerging from a gloomy arch-way we passed his lodge, and struck across a wide court, filled with soldiers off duty, on my way to the quarters of the commandant. An officer accompanying me soon stopped at a small but neat two story building, of which there were several I observed scattered about the interior of the fortress. Knocking at a low door we were ushered into a tidy room on the lower floor, when a minute afterwards the commandant, *M. Demarle*, a fine-looking, soldierly man of some fifty years of age, entered. He received me with great courtesy, and stating my business, I presented him my letter of authority from the minister, *M. Duchatel*.

He glanced over it, and bowing, said it was all correct.

"Pray allow me to inquire," I said, "if any further ceremony is requisite in my future visits to the fortress, as my letter omits to give any such particulars."

"I am sorry to inform you," replied M. Demarle, "that I have orders to admit you but once, and that your interview with the Prince must be limited to four hours. I shall be under the necessity, then, of summoning you to leave the citadel at five o'clock."

"What! is it possible?" I exclaimed, not more astonished than annoyed; "only one visit, and that of four hours!"

"Such are my instructions," answered the commandant, with military brevity. "But who is this person with you?" casting his eyes on Baptiste, who quivered under his stern gaze.

"It is a favorite servant who begs your permission to——"

"Impossible," said the commandant, who anticipated my request, "he must retire instantly."

"Do you hear," I said to Baptiste, who seemed disposed to

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turn into marble, he looked so white and petrified, "*sauvez vous.*"

Bowing to M. Demarle, I followed the officer appointed to escort me to the apartments of the Prince. I soon reached the low, narrow entrance of a gloomy and aged-looking building situated near one of the main walls, where I found a couple of sentinels posted. I ascended two flights of narrow stone stairs which were half crumbled away, and turning to the left down a dark corridor, I came to the door of the Prince, which was opened by his valet standing on the outside.

I found Prince Louis seated at a table covered with books and papers in a small room, dimly lighted by two apertures from above, secured by stout iron bars. As I advanced, he rose, extending his hand, and said, with a friendly smile, "It is really very kind of you to come so far out of your way to see me in this place."

"I should have gone much further, believe me, *Monseigneur*," I replied, "for the pleasure of meeting you once more." The Prince bowed, and playfully expressed his regrets at not having it in his power to receive me more in accordance with his wishes, "but at all events, I am consoled," he added, "in the belief that those who venture within these cheerless precincts come not from motives of ceremony, but from an honest sympathy rather in my welfare."

I contemplated the Prince, while he spoke, with much interest, and was pained to see that he was sadly altered since I saw him last. He had grown much thinner; was very pale and sickly-looking; and his manner how different from the gay, martial air he wore in London. Though ever simple and affable, his appearance betokened deep dejection, and a spirit bruised and sinking under constant reverses.

From his person my glance wandered over the room, which surprised me by its extreme rudeness. It was very small—the walls bare and the floor without covering. Three or four wooden

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chairs, a single table, on which, among other objects, stood a simple student's lamp, constituted its principal furniture. In a recess on either side of the chimney, were shelves running to the ceiling filled with books, and here and there around the apartment were suspended several engravings, with some miniatures of the Prince's family. On the low, wooden mantel-piece stood a common clock, and a small, plain looking-glass above it. The whole had very much the appearance of a common kitchen in some unpretending private house.

"This is your study, Prince, I suppose?" I remarked, after a rapid survey of the premises.

"Yes, and my *salon* too," he replied; "and that door opposite leads to a small cabinet which serves as a bed-room. On the other side of the corridor is another apartment, where I meet my fellow-prisoners at dinner."

"The government, in this case, at all events," I observed, "cannot be accused of a want of the most rigid economy, for nothing can well be more illiberal, or vindictive, than the spirit which has assigned to your highness these miserable quarters."

"Oh, I am very well off now, I assure you," answered the Prince; "since they have ordered the removal of the damp brick floor, which in this wet climate and decayed old building seriously impaired my health. I am affected with a violent rheumatism, which you see has lamed me, but I trust it will pass off with time."

"I cannot but admire, Prince," I responded, "the patient good-humor with which you support these spiteful acts of malevolence. It is just the treatment which an enemy inflicted on your illustrious uncle, the Emperor, when at St. Helena; but his fierce spirit chafed itself away under indignities he could not brook. Your resignation, Prince, will likely foil the cruel anticipations that were probably entertained."

A desultory conversation here ensued, in which I related to the Prince my visit to his relatives in America, after whom he

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asked with much interest. I also gave him many details of his friends in London that seemed naturally to afford him much pleasure. Nearly an hour of the very short time allowed me had elapsed, and as yet I had made no approach to the subject uppermost in my mind; and now that the occasion was within my reach I felt a strange reluctance to seize it. A sudden sense of my presumption overcame me at seeking to penetrate the veil which hung over secrets of such solemn importance as the conspiracies of Strasburgh and Boulogne. How often it happens that the foot shrinks back from the threshold which the mind had so eagerly contemplated from afar. I sat irresolute, but inwardly speculating on the best mode of approaching the subject. To wend my way to it through any circuitous path would not conceal my motives from the quick discernment of the Prince, and might possibly offend his well-known frankness of character. To approach it directly and in front, would be regarded, perhaps, as an indelicacy on my part that might forfeit his good opinion of my breeding. Amid these embarrassments, the Prince suddenly inquired after a devoted and influential friend of his in London, and it was happily in my power to afford him full and interesting information of his welfare. I closed my remarks with saying, almost without thought, that he had related to me an anecdote which filled me with astonishment.

"Indeed," inquired the Prince, "and pray what was that?"

"Why, that your highness," I answered, with my eyes intently fixed on the Prince, "had stated to him, when dining at your table some three weeks or so before the descent on Boulogne, that any invasion of France at that time would in your opinion be attended with great risk, and probably end in a failure."

The Prince returned my gaze with a look in which curiosity and confidence seemed to blend. Rising from his chair as though moved by my observation, and standing with his back to

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the fire-place, he remained silent for a few moments, apparently absorbed in his reflections.

"To make you comprehend this seeming inconsistency," he suddenly remarked, "it will be necessary to tell you a long story, and to go back over a lengthened period of time; but if your patience be adequate, I will cheerfully undertake the task."

"I am deeply sensible, Monseigneur," I replied, bowing very low, "of the honor you do me; nor will I seek to disguise the profound interest I feel in the events you are about to relate. It is a narrative, I am sure, I shall long remember."

Seating himself with great deliberation, as though his mind was already wandering amid the labyrinths of the past, he began his recital. His language was simple, precise, and graphic,—his manner for the most part calm and collected, save where the events described became stirring, when his cheek would redden and his gesture grow animated. It would be hopeless to endeavor to recall all his fine expressions, for my attention was almost entirely absorbed by the chief incidents of the moving drama in which he played so fearless, so honest, and so melancholy a part. Suffice it, that the facts related may be relied on, for I have taken no small pains since to be correctly informed.

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"It were useless," began the Prince, "to dwell upon all that preceded, and led me to engage in the enterprise of Strasburgh. It would seem like exaggeration also, to talk of the intense affection I bear to France; but yet what is more natural? It is not merely the country of my birth—the common but strong tie which binds every heart to the place of its nativity—but it is to France that my family owes all its honors and all its distinctions. I put a proper estimate on the genius of the Emperor, but it seems to me, that with any other than the French people, his glory would have been less. They were made for each other. How can a descendant, then, of Napoleon divert his mind and sympathies for a moment from the fortunes of France? and from the first glimmering of reason her welfare has absorbed my whole soul. The Revolution of 1830 filled me with the most buoyant anticipations, and I thought at last that all the lofty and glorious designs of the Emperor were to be fulfilled, and that the state would no longer groan under the burdens of a profligate expenditure—that the condition of the people, relieved from galling abuses, would gradually improve—and above all, that civil liberty would be constitutionally organized and honestly administered. What sinking at the heart! what bitterness of disappointment I experienced, as year after year I beheld the frustration of my hopes, it were idle now to recall; but the inspirations of a just indignation gradually took possession of my breast, and I found consolation and relief in the whisperings of revolt."

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"And even were it possible, Prince," I ventured to remark, "to subdue your legitimate interest in the misfortunes of your country, it never seems to occur to the world that you must be a constant prey to the solicitations, entreaties, and remonstrances of hundreds of frenzied partisans, who, from motives patriotic or otherwise, are incessantly goading you on to some violent expression of your sentiments."

"I see no object in evading or denying your conjecture," returned the Prince; "and such are the unenviable responsibilities of my position. Perhaps from my youth and inexperience I have allowed myself to be too easily moved by the zealous partisanship of some, and the heated, though honest patriotism of others. It were difficult, you may well believe, for any mind to retain its composure exposed to such temptations, even when it is wholly insensible to the merits of the cause so enthusiastically defended. But at the time I am now speaking, 1836, my sympathies were poignantly aroused, and the insidious but persevering efforts at reaction filled me with such anger that I listened readily to the appeals which reached me on every side. These were of a nature the most encouraging, and gave me good grounds to anticipate an easy success. I should say here in advance, that however ardent my anxiety to vindicate myself from the natural, but unjust suspicions of the world, as to the folly or criminality of my attempts, I am forbidden by every sentiment of honor to disclose many facts and names of an importance that would go a vast length towards moderating their harsh judgments. But this I feel no hesitation in saying, that had not a strange fatality arrested in both cases my attempts at their very outset, a result would have followed, which, in its rapidity and completeness, would have astonished Europe. But to return to Strasburgh, where, in the summer of 1836, I decided to accept the offers made me, and to ascertain by personal investigations what chances of success really existed. By means of trusty agents the regiments along the eastern frontier were all sounded,

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both officers and men, and singular to say, they all signified their willingness to support the proposed attempt. No pains were taken to sow sedition, or to stir up ill-blood amongst them. The only questions asked were simply these, 'Are you content with the government?' 'No.' 'Will you promise, then, should the occasion arise, to follow a Bonaparte?' 'Yes.' Their names were then enrolled, and the most auspicious period for the enterprise was next discussed. The month of August was decided on, and the city of Strasburgh was selected as the most eligible spot.

"There were six regiments in garrison in this town, three of infantry and three of artillery, besides a battalion of *pontonniers*. Of the artillery and engineers there was no reason to doubt the constancy, nor, indeed, any as to the soldiers of the line, though it was suspected that some of their officers were less favorably disposed. As to the popular sentiments of the people of Strasburgh, enough was known to guarantee their entire adhesion. Before settling definitely on the outbreak I determined, at whatever risk, to repair to Strasburgh in person and form my opinions on the spot, of the exact dispositions of my partisans and the real nature of the obstacles to be encountered. It was difficult to elude the vigilance of the French police, who were constantly on my track, and still more, if possible, to escape from the fond vigilance of my mother, to whom I was doubly dear since the heart-rending death of my only brother. Under pretext of attending a ball at my aunt's, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, I left our chateau of Arenenburgh, and betook myself, without suspicion, to Baden. On the night of the ball I mingled for a while with the gay throng, when I stole unobserved into the park adjoining the palace, mounted a horse, and galloped to the high-road where a carriage was in waiting. I crossed the frontier without accident in the uniform of a French officer; and not long after midnight found myself in the heart of Strasburgh. I was enthusiastically received at the quarters of Col. ———,

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where I found great numbers of the officers of the various regiments assembled, in expectation of my arrival. We spent the greater portion of the night in deliberation. The most part were in favor of immediate operations, and thought that no benefit whatever could accrue from further delay. There were others, however, who hesitated, and considered postponement for a time the wisest policy. It is ever thus on the arrival of a crisis, when some of the boldest in purpose start back in apprehension from the alarming gulf which divides thought from action. For myself, I deemed that sufficient preparation had been made, and was impatient at the irresolution manifested, for it was evident that they took counsel from their fears, and not from the improbabilities of our situation. I considered it prudent, however, to preserve harmony, and after repeated explanations wherein I showed the certain results of our plans boldly carried out, I agreed to a suspension of further proceedings for two months, and then follow me who might, the blow should be struck. I recrossed the frontier before daybreak, and returned in a few days in safety to Arenenburgh.

"Meanwhile preparations went actively on; every day's information from various quarters of France convinced me that it only needed the *prestige* of one victory to put an end to the natural hesitancy of hundreds of influential personages; and from what I knew of the state of things at Strasburgh, I never doubted a moment that such a victory was entirely within my grasp. At the close of October, I set out again from my happy home, and my dear mother was entirely satisfied with my pretence of going to join a hunting party in the mountains. On the night of the 28th, I entered a second time the sleeping town of Srasburgh, which I shortly hoped to leave at the head of a triumphant insurrection. The 29th was rapidly consumed in completing the requisite details for the next morning's outbreak, and on this occasion I had reason to be satisfied with the alacrity displayed. There were no signs of indecision now, but still, I

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remember with emotion, there were some, who, indifferent about their own fate, trembled for the consequences that threatened myself. Even in the case of complete success they saw the dangers that environed me, and that a chance blow might at any moment convert my triumph into a bloody and inglorious death. It was in this spirit that one of my most devoted friends, Col. Vaudrey, addressed me, and whilst he admitted the promising nature of our chances, he said that it clung to him the self-reproach of exposing me to numerous and serious dangers.* I overruled his kind and affectionate remonstrances, and named midnight of the 29th for a last gathering of my friends, which took place immediately joining the Austerlitz barracks, which was garrisoned by the 4th regiment of artillery, commanded by Col. Vaudrey.

"At this final re-union there were several schemes suggested relative to our mode of action the next morning. Some thought, as the artillery was the most effective arm of our force, that it should be the first assembled with its guns, and possession taken at once of all the strong points of the town; that this vigorous step would at once disarm opposition and decide the fortunes of the day. Others condemned this as too violent a proceeding; that it would necessarily offend the infantry, whose dispositions were above suspicion, and that instead of a popular movement headed by the troops, it would be regarded simply, if successful, as nothing more than a military insurrection. As my object was not personal aggrandizement, but a revolution in favor of popular freedom, I determined at once, at whatever risk, not to take a course which would leave me in doubt of the popular sympathies. Our plan, at length, was settled; a few more details were arranged, and the separate parts of our task were assigned to

* A touching anecdote is related by Louis Blanc in his "History of Ten Years," of this pure minded officer. A paper was handed him by the Prince, which secured an income of 10,000 francs to each of his two children. Col. rey instantly tore it up, saying, "I give my blood, I do not sell it."

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each. I spent the few remaining hours of the night in writing, and my last letters were inscribed to my mother, the one of triumph, the other of farewell, in case through any mischance I should never see her again.* At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, the signal was given in the Austerlitz barracks. At the sound of the trumpets the soldiers were aroused, and seizing their muskets and swords, they hurried impetuously down into the court-yard. They were drawn up in double line around it, and Col. Vaudrey took his post in the centre. A short pause ensued awaiting my arrival, and a dead silence was preserved. On my appearance I was immediately presented to the troops in a few eloquent words from their Colonel.

"'Soldiers,' he said, 'a great revolution begins at this moment. The nephew of the Emperor is before you. He comes to put himself at your head. He is arrived on the French soil to restore to France her glory and her liberty. It is now to conquer or to die for a great cause—the *cause of the people*. Soldiers of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, may the Emperor's nephew count on you?'

"The shout which followed this brief appeal nearly stunned me. Men and officers alike abandoned themselves to the wildest enthusiasm. Flourishing their arms with furious energy they filled the air with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* If misgivings had ever crossed me of the fidelity of the French heart to the memory of Napoleon, they vanished for ever before the suddenness and fierceness of that demonstration. The chord was scarcely touched and the vibration was terrific. I was deeply moved, and nearly lost my self-possession. In a few moments I waved my hand signifying my desire to speak. Breathless silence ensued.

* In the account given by Louis Blanc of these events, he states that, towards the last, the Prince seemed entirely engrossed with thoughts of his absent and much loved parent, and that he gave these letters to his aide-de-camp "with a trembling hand and swimming eyes."

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"'Soldiers,' I said, 'it was in your regiment the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, first saw service; with you he distinguished himself at Toulon; it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him, on his return from the Isle of Elba. Soldiers, new destinies are reserved to you. Here,' I continued, taking the standard of the eagle from an officer near me—'here is the symbol of French glory; it must become henceforth the symbol of liberty.'

"The effect of these simple words was indescribable; but the time for action had come. I gave the word to fall into column; the music struck up—and putting myself at their head, the regiment followed me to a man. Meanwhile my adherents had been active elsewhere and uniformly successful. Lieutenant Laity, on presenting himself, was immediately joined by the corps of engineers. The telegraph was seized without a struggle. The cannoneers commanded by M. Parquin had arrested the Prefect. Every moment fresh tidings reached me of the success of the different movements that had been previously concerted. I kept steadily on my way at the head of the 4th regiment to the Finkmatt barracks, where I hoped to find the infantry ready to welcome me. Passing by the head-quarters where resided the commander-in-chief of the department of the *Bas Rhin*, Lieut. General Voirol, I halted, and was enthusiastically saluted by his guard with the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* I made my way to the apartments of the General, where a brief interview took place. On leaving, I thought it necessary to give him notice that he was my prisoner, and a small detachment was assigned to this duty."

"From the fact that Gen. Voirol was an old soldier of the Empire, it was universally supposed at the time, Monseigneur," I remarked to the Prince, "that he was secretly favorable to your cause, though it was not to be expected that he would openly compromise himself till he saw the direction things were taking."

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"Yes," pithily returned the Prince, "there were many suppositions on this point, but it is sufficient that I had to make Gen. Voirol my prisoner. From his quarters I proceeded rapidly to the Finkmatt barracks, and although it was early in the morning the populace were drawn out by the noise, and mingling their acclamations with those of the soldiers, they joined our *cortége* in crowds. An unlooked-for error here occurred which had a most deplorable effect on the whole enterprise, which had thus far gone on so swimmingly. We had reached the Faubourg de Pierre, when, being on foot, the head of the column lost sight of me, and instead of following the route agreed on and proceeding at once to the ramparts, they entered a narrow lane that led direct to the barracks. Amid the noise and confusion it was impossible to retrieve this mischance, and I took hurriedly what measures I could to provide against its worst consequences. Fearing a possible attack on my rear, I was compelled to leave a half of the regiment in the main street we had left, and hastening forward, I entered the court-yard of the infantry barracks with my officers and some 400 men. I expected to find the regiment assembled, but the messenger intrusted with the news of my approach was prevented by some accident from reaching in time, and I found all the soldiers in their rooms occupied in preparing themselves for the Sunday's inspection. Attracted, however, by the noise, they ran to the windows, where I harangued them, and on hearing the name of Napoleon pronounced they rushed headlong down, thronged around me, and testified by a thousand marks of devotion their enthusiasm for my cause. The battalion of the *pontonniers* and the 3d regiment of artillery, with Messrs. Poggi and Conard and a great number of officers at their head, were all in movement and on their way to join me, and word was brought they were only a square off. In another moment I would have found myself at the head of 5000 men, with the people of the town everywhere in my favor, when of a sudden at one end of the court-yard a disturbance arose without those at the other ex-

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tremity being able to divine the cause. Col. Taillandier had just arrived, and on being told that the Emperor's nephew was there with the 4th regiment, he could not believe such extraordinary intelligence, and his surprise was so great that he preferred attributing it to a vulgar ambition on the part of Col. Vaudrey rather than to credit this unexpected resurrection of a great cause. 'Soldiers,' he exclaimed, 'you are deceived; the man who excites your enthusiasm can only be an adventurer and an impostor.' An officer of his staff cried out at the same time, 'It is not the Emperor's nephew; it is the nephew of Col. Vaudrey; I know him.' Absurd as was this announcement, it flew like lightning from mouth to mouth, and began to change the disposition of this regiment, which a moment before had been so favorable. Great numbers of the soldiers, believing themselves the dupes of an unworthy deception, became furious. Col. Taillandier assembled them, caused the gates to be closed, and the drums to strike; while on the other hand the officers devoted to me gave orders to have the *generale* beaten to bring forward the soldiers who had embraced my cause. The space we occupied was so confined that the regiments became, as it were, confounded together, and the tumult was frightful. From moment to moment the confusion increased, and the officers of the same cause no longer recognised each other, as they all wore the same uniform. The cannoneers arrested infantry officers, and the infantry in their turn laid hold of some officers of artillery. Muskets were charged, and bayonets and sabres flashed in the air, but no blow was struck, as each feared to wound a friend. A single word from myself, or Col. Taillandier, would have led to a regular massacre. The officers around me repeatedly offered to hew me a passage through the infantry, which could have been easily effected, but I would not consent to shed French blood in my own cause; besides, I could not believe that the 46th regiment, which a moment previously had manifested so much sympathy, could have so promptly changed their sentiments. At any

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risk I determined to make an effort to recover my influence over it, and I suddenly rushed into their very midst; but in a minute I was surrounded by a triple row of bayonets, and forced to draw my sabre to parry off the blows aimed at me from every side. In another instant I should have perished by French hands, when the cannoneers perceiving my danger, charged, and carrying me off, placed me in their ranks. Unfortunately this movement separated me from my officers, and drew me back to the extremity of the court-yard, amongst the soldiers who still remained doubtful of my identity.

"The idea occurred to me if I could get a horse I might render myself sufficiently prominent to command the tumult, and I made my way towards a picket of cavalry, when just then the artillery were driven back, and I was thrown down by their horses. The infantry, profiting by this circumstance, rushed upon me, and succeeded in making me a prisoner; and my officers, seeing that further resistance was useless, necessarily surrendered themselves to the same fate."*

* It will be interesting to add a sketch of this stirring scene from the skilful pen of Louis Blanc, which in the main, it will be seen, is accurate. "The Finkmatt barracks," he writes, "are situated between the *Faubourg de Pierre* and the rampart, on a line parallel with them. Connected with the Faubourg, by an extremely narrow lane which leads up to the principal entry to the barracks, it is separated from the ramparts only by a long yard, at one end of which is an iron gate. Now it had been settled that the insurgents should take the rampart road, the only route that allowed their forces to be displayed in an imposing manner, and would enable them to retreat in case of ill success. But by an inexplicable fatality, the head of the column went astray and entered the lane, leaving the bulk of the troops in the *Faubourg de Pierre*; and Louis Bonaparte found himself entangled with a weak escort in a yard, which, if fortune failed him, might become his prison or his grave.

"Nevertheless, hearing the magic name of the Emperor pronounced, the foot soldiers hasten up from all sides; an old sergeant cries out that he had served in the imperial guard, and stoops down to seize the hand of the Prince, whom he embraces with tears. Emotion sways the soldiers at this spectacle; already they surrounded Louis Bonaparte with marks of sympathy; already the cry is

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raised of *Vive l'Empereur*, when suddenly a strange rumor is heard among them; it is positively asserted that it is the nephew of Col. Vaudrey, who presents himself under the name of Louis Bonaparte which he vilely usurped, and a lieutenant named Pleignier rushes forward to make the Prince his prisoner. Himself arrested by the artillerymen, he struggles bravely, whilst his soldiers advance to rescue him. The moment was critical and decisive. A pistol shot would, perhaps, have sufficed to allay the danger, but Louis Bonaparte could not make up his mind to fire it. He even ordered the release of the lieutenant, who, returning to the charge, provoked a fresh conflict. Things were in this state when Lt. Col. Taillandier arrived, and at his voice distrust became changed into rage. The court-yard resounded with menaces, and swords were flashing. The artillerymen who had been left in the Faubourg Pierre, hearing of the Prince's danger, had put themselves in motion; suddenly they were seen rushing in crowds into the barracks, and with them entered pell-mell, sixty mounted cannoneers. The infantry then driven back violently to both ends of the yard, uttered shouts of fury—formed again, and returned fiercely upon the Prince's partisans, who were pushed and knocked down by the horse against the curtain of the rampart. It was a terrible moment. Here stood the foot-soldiers with bayonets charged; there the artillerymen with their carbines levelled, ready to fire: above and along the ramparts, the people zealously invoking success upon the Prince, and pouring volleys of stones on the infantry, amidst confused clamors, the roll of drums, the clash of arms, and the neighing of horses. But all this was of short duration. In an insurrection not to vanquish quickly, is to be vanquished. A few musket shots fired in the air by order of Col. Taillandier intimidated the people. On M. de Gricourt and de Querelles proffering to Louis Bonaparte to cut a passage for him sword in hand, he rejected the offer, and was made a prisoner. "Surrender," was shouted at the same time to Col. Vaudrey; he refused; but Col. Taillandier approaching him, and whispering in his ear that the revolt was regarded in the town as a legitimatist movement, he at last ordered his cannoneers to retire, and gave himself up."

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VI.

"It is a deeply stirring narrative," I observed, "but nothing, Prince, strikes me with more wonder than the extreme facility which attended every step of the enterprise. The people, it seems, were as enthusiastic as the soldiery. What could be more conclusive of the deep-seated popularity of the Bonaparte cause in France! It was a strange fatality, that singular delusion as to your identity, which arose at the very moment that victory perched upon your standard! It is clear that nothing but this doubt prevented the town falling into your hands, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants. If it were a ruse of some enemy, he deserves credit, at least, for his ingenuity."

"No," replied the Prince, "I do not think it was an invention to arrest the revolt, but it sprang naturally from the doubts of various parties, who, from negligence, or prudence, had not been intrusted with the secret of the intended attempt. It was, indeed, an unlooked-for result, and fortune played me a sorry freak."

"But, failure as it was, Monseigneur," I continued, "the conspiracy fell so little short of complete success, that the government must have been seized with terror. Its unpopularity and weakness could hardly have been more fully and rapidly demonstrated. No doubt the King must have been sorely puzzled what course to take with your highness?"

"Your speculations," returned the Prince, "are all correct. The singular ease with which our plans were carried almost up to their fulfilment must have struck the government with deep

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alarm. Their next care was to suppress, by any effort, the truth from getting out. It was officially stated that the 4th regiment only was compromised, and yet officers of other regiments were secretly cashiered. As for myself, I have since learnt that much embarrassment was experienced as to my disposition. To bring me to trial was considered indiscreet, as the particulars of the Strasburg affair could, then, no longer be concealed; besides, it was thought injudicious to rouse the popular passions in my favor. There were fears, too, entertained that a jury would not condemn me, and numerous members of the Court of Peers declared their determination not to sit upon my trial. It would have been a dexterous thing to have sent me quietly back to Switzerland, with a simple condemnation of my youthful rashness. But, instead, they gave far more importance to the event by the decision they came to. I was for a few days imprisoned in the jail at Strasburgh, without receiving any tidings of my unfortunate companions, whose possible fate filled me with anguish. In this gloomy state of mind I was aroused late one night from my disturbed slumbers by my guard, and requested to follow him. The manner of the man and the nature of the summons for a moment awakened my suspicions, and expecting the worst, I got up hastily, and obeyed him. Directly I found myself in the presence of the *Prefet*, who stated that a carriage was in waiting, and that I must set off instantly for Paris. No time was allowed me for preparation, and in a few minutes more, without baggage or a servant, I was rapidly whirling along under a strong escort on the high road to the Capital. On my arrival I was courteously received by the Prefect of Police, who further informed me that my immediate departure from France was decided on. I rested but two hours in Paris, during which I wrote to the King imploring his clemency for my unhappy partisans. I had nothing to ask for myself. Soon after I was transported aboard a ship of war, which quickly set sail, and on the day succeeding only, according to his instructions from the Minister, the Captain opened

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his orders, and found himself directed to Rio Janeiro, and thence to New York."

"It was, indeed, a painful ordeal, Monseigneur," I remarked, "that you were thus called to undergo, in being torn from home, country, and friends, under circumstances so distressing, and given up for months to the solitude of the seas, with your mind a prey to the most harassing recollections. Your arrival in the New World must have been an inexpressible relief."

"In truth it was," responded the Prince; "for though I could find abundant consolation for myself in the motives that inspired me, yet I could obtain no rest from the afflicting apprehensions which constantly pursued me for the destiny of my followers. Even if their lives were not menaced, and this seemed to me impossible when their leader was acquitted, still I knew they must be languishing in prison, where for years they might linger, their prospects blasted and their names sullied with reproach. If I had been instrumental in bringing upon them such misfortunes, I would have deemed myself without excuse. But give me some news of New York. I was greatly struck by that fine city; its noble situation, its magnitude, and growing splendor, all impressed me strongly, and I recall with the deepest satisfaction the numerous acts of kindness and generous hospitality so freely extended to me."

"New York has made wonderful progress," I replied, "since the period of your highness's visit, and it promises at no very distant day to become in wealth and population one of the leading capitals of the world. Whether it will ever rival in its ornamental attributes, its public edifices, its promenades and pleasure grounds, the chief cities of Europe, is a question not so easily solved, for our institutions are considered unfavorable to the large expenditure for such purposes that is so common in Europe. But whilst I think it is an unjustifiable abuse of the public funds to waste so much treasure as has been done in France, and other countries, on palaces, and gardens meant only for royal indul-

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gence; yet I am persuaded that in America the people would entertain no objection to pay liberally for museums, parks, and picture galleries that were destined for the amusement of all classes. It is not the rich who need such entertainment, but the poorer orders that would find delight in these resources. There is quite enough of taxation now in our country to allow of munificent appropriations for such purposes, were peculation and jobbing put an end to; but as democracy progresses, we may hope for gradual improvement in these respects."

"I am quite your way of thinking," replied Prince Louis, "and if anything could reconcile me to the abominable extravagance of past governments in France, it is that these luxuries have become public property. There is a manifest justice in the fact that those gorgeous gardens, and galleries like Versailles and the Louvre, whose construction almost impoverished the nation, should return at last to the hands of the people. In America I see nothing but the jealousy of the people, or the timidity of public men, to prevent so wise an employment of a certain portion of the public funds. Recreation is indispensable to our comfort, and all classes seek it in proportion to their resources. It is a great object, it strikes me, in a free state, that the lower classes should be provided with the means of refined amusement, since it will necessarily elevate their dispositions and purify their tastes. The public garden, adorned with statuary; the picture gallery, embellished by noble specimens of art, are directly calculated to withdraw the people from grosser diversions. There is no doubt that with increasing wealth these subjects will be agitated amongst you, and that the good sense which is so characteristic of you Americans will prevail over democratic prejudices, which in this case seem to me groundless. In Europe what the people pay for, the rich only enjoy. This is unjust, and could not be, did the people exercise a legitimate influence. But that the people of your country should refuse to partake of refined pleasures which they are able to afford, and could control, does not strike me as

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consistent or rational. Nothing can be more incongruous, however, than to hurry to conclusions relative to the effects of your institutions, or the dispositions of your people. Both, it may be said, are new and untried, and it is the business of philosophy to sit calmly down, and weigh every result carefully in the scale of investigation. We know positively nothing about you in Europe, either of your system or of your character. Our reasonings are all founded on the events of our own history; whereas your political and social career, proceeding from premises wholly different, must lead to far other, and most novel consequences. I regret with all my heart that I had not time to travel extensively over the United States, and scrutinize, as far as a foreigner may, the workings of your political machinery; but more especially, the peculiarities of your people. The great secret lies here; the same government in Europe, were it possible, would produce altogether different developments, and from the little I saw of the United States, there was far more to study in the habits, tastes, and opinions of the people themselves than in the structure even of your institutions, though so ingenious and original. There was, in the first place, a latitude of liberty which confounded me, and which, perhaps, is less comprehensible to a Frenchman than to any other nation, for the peculiarity with us, and a crying misfortune it is, too, is the excess of governmental interference in everything."

"Yes, Prince, this is strikingly true," I said with some warmth. "An American who has lived much in France is alternately astonished and amused at detecting on every side of him, in his business or amusement, the officious, meddling hand of government. Waking or sleeping, sitting or walking, in his dress and living, it is everywhere about and above him, and the natural effect is, which shrewd politicians must see, to effeminate and degrade the character of the people. I verily believe if passports were suddenly abolished the French would be afraid to travel, and I doubt if a crowd would ever get inside of a theatre if the

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police were not there to keep them in a line. While this governmental constraint is so rigidly kept up, I see no chance for the training of the people in those robust habits of self-reliance which are the mainspring of an independent government. The essence of a free state is the management by a people of their own affairs; now what hope, Monseigneur, can there be cherished of a republic in France, whilst the people remain for ever subject to the tutelary restrictions of the government? In this respect they are but children in leading-strings alongside of the Americans; and the offer of a free government to the French is like setting a fine picture before a blind man; they lack the first element to its enjoyment."

"You have struck," replied Prince Louis, "the very root of the evil, and the politician who is sincere in his desires for the regeneration of France, will earnestly set to work to curtail governmental sway. Almost the first step in this true path remains to be taken, and that the people are sufficiently ripe for making a beginning I do most conscientiously believe. It was just the opposite of this state of things that riveted my attention in America. The people there are not only accustomed to think for themselves, bnt I observed they were keenly jealous of the smallest interference with their action. They cannot be too vigilant in this respect, for so long as public men are prevented from sacrificing the public weal to their personal aggrandizement, the condition of the state must remain sound. There was one feature, however, of your social system, which greatly interested, and I may say, perplexed me. An European habituated to a society of castes, where artificial distinctions are perpetuated by law and privilege, comes to America, the only land where equality is not a dogma of the schools, prepared to find society flowing over one smooth, unbroken level; where all individuals of good repute, without reference to fortune or occupation, are seen to mingle freely and harmoniously together. Judge his surprise, therefore, to meet with the same arbitrary distinctions be-

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tween classes which he is accustomed to behold in Europe; to hear the same conventional terms in use as to quality, and to perceive the same struggle going on between cliques and coteries for the ascendency which he reasonably thought were the natural production of an aristocratic soil, and hardly expected to find transplanted and flourishing on a democratic ground. With us, you know, social rank is broadly marked and easily recognised; but amongst you, where title is not worn, and fortunes are not perpetuated, confess that a foreigner is likely to be puzzled as to the nature of the distinctions which exist, and to marvel somewhat at their existing at all. I soon became aware of these shades and differences, but had not time enough to come to any accurate conclusions on the subject. I readily accepted the numerous civilities proffered me from every side, as I was anxious to judge for myself of the various shades of your society. I remember very well on one occasion receiving the visit at my hotel of a gentlemanly person who introduced himself, frankly saying that he was a simple citizen of New York, but being desirous of the honor of entertaining so near a relative of the Emperor Napoleon, had come to invite me to an evening party at his house. I thanked him cordially for his flattering invitation, and cheerfully accepted it. I failed not at the appointed time, and was highly gratified with my reception. The house was spacious and elegant; the guests well-dressed and agreeable; and the entertainment in all respects luxurious. There was all the ease and self-possession of good society (which, by the by, is singularly characteristic of Americans); nothing uncouth or vulgar that I saw, and my evening passed off with great relish. I should not omit to say that the fairer portion of the company confirmed my previous impressions of American beauty. The next day, in relating the circumstance to some of my visitors, I mentioned the name of my affable host, and great was the indignation thereat. A most impertinent liberty had been taken with me, was their remark. Somewhat startled at this information, I inquired in haste as to the character

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of the party. There was nothing to be alleged against that, it was admitted. To his intelligence and civility I can bear witness, I replied, then pray tell me what it is which renders his house so unfit a place for me? 'Oh,' was the response, 'he does not belong to the best society.' I attempted with great earnestness to trace the nature of such distinctions, but their subtlety completely foiled me. I could obtain no satisfactory clue to these mystical ramifications, and was left to conclude that they were wholly capricious and unreasonable. Without yielding to prejudices that were evidently local, I remarked to my friends that New York was fortunate in possessing a class in any degree superior to the one in question. And really, there seems to me something illogical in refusing to associate with one man who may, perchance, trade in oil, whilst another is courted because he owns the ship which transports it abroad."

"And so it strikes me, Monseigneur," I said with ready concurrence; "but when such a distinction is drawn between two men it does not follow that pecuniary advantages make the whole difference. One may be agreeable and well-bred, the other just the contrary; and a society which preferred the latter because he was the richer, would without doubt be badly constituted. But this is not true of New York, or of the country generally. The fact is that foreigners constantly do us injustice in this respect, and merely because it is impossible for them, either through natural prejudices, or necessarily limited observation, to arrive at the real condition of things. It were tedious to attempt a full explanation, but I will endeavor to be explicit. That political laws do change and modify character is abundantly true, but that they will ever revolutionize human nature, is highly unphilosophical to suppose. The passions and affections may be elevated or subdued, but never radically altered or extinguished. The purpose of any political system which is to resist the ardent aspirations of the heart after superiority, is shallow, and doomed to failure. No such fantastic dreams floated in the clear vision

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of the founders of our republic. They took the very opposite direction to what a French assembly would. Instead of drawing lines and limits, and raising barriers and obstacles on every side, so as to compel humanity to follow the straight road of logic, but which its nature secretly delights in evading, they acted on the profound truth, that the best government is that which governs least. Ordaining such laws as would prevent one class arrogating priority over another; forbidding badges of distinction, and providing for the constant distribution of individual wealth; they wisely left social life to regulate itself under these salutary restraints. The consequence is, that society with us reposes on a true and natural basis, consisting of elements that are entitled to precedence. Talent, character, and breeding, are not merely passports to the best society, but there are no other standards by which to qualify it. There is no society amongst us which could exclude them, and there is none really respectable where they are not found. That there may be in our larger cities, individuals, sometimes, with doubtful pretensions to either, who, from vanity, endeavor to form coteries that aspire to regulate fashion, and pronounce on the claims of candidates to their favor, is, so far from being a contradiction to our political system, a direct proof of its tolerant justice. To interfere with the caprices of individuals which do not invade the public good would be a gross infringement of personal liberty; and our system, as all true democratic systems ought, prefers to err on the side of liberty. These social monopolies are necessarily evanescent; for, founded chiefly on wealth, they disappear with its absorption, which is sure to follow through accident, or legal provision, as stated before. Wealth in our society exercises the same influence as elsewhere in the world. It is untrue that its sway is greater, and it is more short-lived, for it is usually limited to the life of its possessor. You will admit, Prince, that it is by no means a rare sight in London or Paris, to meet in the best society the *parvenu* who has nothing but his ingots and im-

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pudence to recommend him. This is far more common in England, for society in France is gradually assimilating to our own. Already intellect is its highest distinction, while title and family are steadily dwindling to its least. This is true democratic progress, but yet I am bold to say, Monseigneur, that France has an immense distance to travel. Social equality universally prevails; an easy and affectionate intercourse between all classes and conditions is one of the most winning features of the French, but still a taste for rank and decorations inspires the higher classes, whilst great deference is felt for them by the lower. In this particular it is impossible for an European to imagine the contrast to be found in the United States, where the insensibility of the mass to distinctions merely adventitious, like those of title or descent, really surpasses belief. Any foreign nobleman, of high or low degree, who comes amongst them, will be treated with the same politeness extended to any other respectable stranger, and he will be appreciated according to his conduct. If he be arrogant, they laugh at him; if he be unassuming, they respect him. If his name be greater than his rank, they may be disposed to honor the services of the statesman, the patriot, or the soldier."*

"Your remarks are not more original than just," flatteringly declared Prince Louis, "and accord entirely with my own observations. I was but a little while amongst your countrymen before I discovered that the many amiable attentions offered me

* This was abundantly proved in the case of Lord Morpeth, who visited the United States in 1840. As the representative of the "aristocratic blood of all the Howards" he would have gone through the country unnoticed, but as a distinguished member of the English Parliament he attracted attention, which his easy manners and unpretending demeanor soon enlivened into compliment. Numerous demonstrations were made in his honor in all parts of the Union, and it is said that many of our western "Hoosiers" agreed, that in spite of his title, if he would settle out *thar*, they would run him for Congress. His finished eloquence commanded universal admiration.

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were dictated by respect for the name I bore rather than from any regard to my titular rank. It was in this spirit that I received a compliment that touched me nearly. I was on my way back to my hotel from a pleasant dinner at the country house on Long Island, of one of your leading journalists, whose hospitality laid me under much obligation,* when in driving through the streets of Brooklyn, I found several military companies drawn up in anticipation of my return, and who paid me the honor of a passing salute. Judge of my surprise, only equalled by my pleasure, to find myself, a stranger in exile and misfortune, the object of such a demonstration. Its value was infinitely enhanced by the fact that it was not the formal display of an official body, nor yet partook of that conventional courtesy which prompts a monarchical government to honor the representative of royal pretensions; but was clearly the spontaneous act of a people entirely free, and meant solely to express in a dignified manner their respect for the memory of Napoleon and their regard for the land of my birth. In Europe the civility of any functionary might have procured me this honor, but in the United States I felt that such a manifestation could not proceed from any individual source, and that unless the impulse came from the people, no commander, civil or military, would presume to suggest it. This, and many other incidents during my stay, soon taught me where the real power amongst you resided, and it was so totally unlike anything I had ever before seen, that it opened a new and curious view of reflection in my mind. No foreigner who can raise himself above the prejudices of his country or station can pass a single day in the United States without profit to his heart and understanding.

"That your countrymen should regard the distinctions of rank with such supreme indifference is natural from not having grown up under their influence, and from their habit of employing their reason only in estimating men and things. Your institutions

* Col. Webb of the Courier and Enquirer.

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rest upon this foundation only, whilst ours constantly appeal to the imagination. Your view of French society is correct, for rank, in losing its former wealth, is vastly diminished in importance, and to the unspeakable honor of my country, intellect holds pre-eminence. So sensible am I of the fact that capacity in French esteem takes precedence of all illusion, that I writhe under the cruel and unnecessary expatriation of my family. Why should I, merely because I am the nephew of Napoleon, be expelled from France, and forced to drag out my existence in exile? Why should I be cut off from the privilege the humblest Frenchman enjoys, of employing his faculties for the benefit of his country and the honor of his name? The policy of the monarchy is clearly to exclude me from every chance of winning the respect of my countrymen, but such glaring injustice must be, I feel, repugnant to them."

"Such reflections as these, Monseigneur," I interposed, "must keep your mind in perpetual irritation. It is impossible to shut them out, and their constant recurrence must alternately arouse you to fury, or drive you to despair. To leave out of the question the deep love of the nation for the Emperor, the kindly natures of the French must rebel against your harsh treatment by Bourbon royalties, and daily proof is afforded of this both through the press and tribune, and by men of the highest consequence. I am emboldened by your frankness, Prince, to express all my surprise and delight to hear a person of your exalted rank speak so plainly of the conditions requisite in France at this epoch to obtain influence and position. Your name is, undoubtedly, an immense advantage, but it is accompanied by an equal drawback, for the world will be hardly satisfied with anything in a Bonaparte short of the genius of the Emperor. The comparison must be fearful to any man. For my part—but I fear, with my American *laisser aller*, that I may chance to offend your highness by the too blunt expression of my views."

"Nay," answered the Prince, "it is pleasing from its very

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novelty. There are few who approach me who have any interest in speaking candidly on any subject, and I receive only such opinions as are supposed will be most agreeable; very few, indeed, are meant only to benefit me. Pray go on, and say in your own way, and to the full extent, whatever strikes you. Let me hope there is nothing in my manner that imposes any restraint."

"On the contrary, Monseigneur, your extreme amiability charms me into forgetfulness of my whereabouts, and frequently of whom I am addressing. Since your Highness is so encouraging, I will take the liberty of saying that you are the only person of rank I ever met who seemed thoroughly unconscious of the fact; besides, it is so natural for an American to display his republican bias, that I feel I am running the risk at every moment of committing some affront to your monarchical sentiments."

"Oh, there," said the Prince, smiling, "you do me injustice. You quite overlook my claims to republican ideas and habits, by forgetting that I was educated for the most part in a republican country. Bred among the single-minded and pure-hearted mountaineers of Switzerland; early inured to their unaffected manners and simple tastes, where should I contract the arrogant bearing and dissembling selfishness of the *habitués* of a court? The truth is, I have learned, after many rude lessons, that a republican school is not exactly the sort of training that fits a man best to cope with the artifice of designing men.* Were we

* It will be interesting to append, in connexion with the above remarks of the Prince, the following admirably written sketch of him, by Louis Blanc, in the able work already quoted from. It is only fair to say, that it was published some five years or more prior to the period I am writing of:—

"To know how to command one's own heart, to be insensible and patient, to care for nothing but the end in view, to dissemble; not to expend one's daring on mere projects, but to reserve it wholly for action; to urge men to devotedness without putting too much faith in it; to traffic with baseness whilst seeing through it; to despise men; to seem strong in order to become so; and to make oneself creatures, less through gratitude which wearies zeal, than

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to enter on a discussion of politics, it might turn out that our views were not altogether dissimilar; though, perchance, I might not agree with you that because republican truths were the soundest, they must necessarily succeed on a premature trial. But what were you going to say just now of the Emperor?"

"Simply," I replied, "that were he living, his very genius would render him the most unfitting to take control of affairs in France. His intellect was so active, profound, and pervading, that he must lead and rule in all things. In war, unity is necessary to success, and a despotic will has then its compensation; but in affairs of legislation it is far otherwise, and in this democratic epoch, deference must be paid to the popular will. Could a nature like Napoleon's brook interference with its plans, and could a people advanced to where the French now are, submit unmurmuring to a despotism the most enlightened, even though they saw their profit in it? The good Napoleon accomplished

through hope which stimulates it: such is, in the egotist and vulgar meaning of the phrase, the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis Bonaparte possessed scarcely any of its constituent elements, whether good or evil. His easily moved sensibility exposed him unarmed to the spurious officiousness of subalterns. Through haste or good nature, he sometimes erred in his judgment of men. The impetuosity of his wishes deceived him or hurried him away. Endowed with a straightforwardness injurious to his designs, he exhibited, in rare combination, the elevation of a soul that loves the truth, and the weakness of which flatterers take advantage. He was prodigal of himself, to augment the number of his partisans. He possessed, in a word, neither the art of husbanding his resources, nor that of dexterously exaggerating their importance. But, on the other hand, he was generous, enterprising, prompt in military exercises, and the uniform sat upon him with a manly grace. There was no braver officer, no more gallant cavalier. Though the expression of his countenance was gentle, rather than energetic and imperious, though there was an habitual languor in his looks, often dashed with thought, no doubt the soldier would have loved him for his frank bearing, his honest and hearty speech, his small figure resembling his uncle's, and the imperial lightning which the passion of the moment kindled in his blue eye. What a name, too, was his!"

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for France and the world is immeasurable, but in my mind it is all connected with the time when he appeared. His advent now would lead to very different results. He never could obtain the same ascendency, and the force of his will would tend to retard progress, even if he regarded it favorably. Two wills cannot exist well in harmony, and for the good of the state the preponderance must be with the sovereign or the people. It is now with the people, and would Napoleon, were he living, recognise it?—could he obey it? For that reason I think that any of the younger members of his family, trained up under a fuller development of the popular supremacy, would make a more useful, if less brilliant ruler in France."

"The loftiest genius," briefly returned the Prince, "is so versatile and pliant, that it is impossible to say whether Napoleon now, with the selfsame faculties, would not offer altogether a different spectacle for contemplation. But before it escapes my mind, let me ask if, in your remarks just now respecting American society, you meant to say that occupation exercised no influence over the position of individuals?"

"By no means, Prince," I explained; "for to imply as much would be to overturn my previous statement. In every well-regulated community, skill, purely mechanical, must be held in lighter estimation than ability wholly intellectual; but this much I feel justified in asserting, that with every succeeding year, as we recede further and further from our former colonial connexion with England, our laws become more democratic, and our habits more social—less imbued with that worst feature of aristocracy, exclusiveness. If the rich butcher or successful tailor does not aspire to mingle in our best society, there is no one would think of disputing the pretensions of their sons and daughters to taking their place there, if otherwise qualified. The social process with us is somewhat rotatory, in this wise: The enterprising parent accumulates fortune; the high-bred children spend it in a luxurious life; and the third generation

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are compelled to return to work again. Laws of primogeniture and entail would furnish us with different results."*

* But fenced in as society is in England, there are still many individuals of low degree who, by dint of tact, leap over its gilded palisades. There is the well known Sir Peter Laurie, Knight, widely acquainted among the aristocracy, who made his fortune as a saddler; and there is the more celebrated Mrs. ——, who occasionally entertains the Court and first nobility, to the intense mortification of titled and richer rivals for these high honors. It is neither the superior charms of breeding nor intellect, that won for this singular person so high a position. Her way to it was literally strewed with flowers. Videlicet—She took it into her head to build an enormous hot-house, where she raised in great abundance the rarest flowers known in England. These precious bouquets she bestowed with liberal hand on objects deserving these delicate attentions, and her tact was displayed by carrying on these floral bounties for a long period anonymously. The obliged parties could neither, therefore, refuse nor return them, and when the secret in due time came out, good taste required acknowledgment. Presents were refused, but invitations accepted. The history that enterprising nobodies adopt in England to breathe the scented atmosphere of aristocratic saloons, would make a highly amusing chapter, had I time or disposition to write it.

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VII.

My eye here accidentally caught sight of the clock over the mantel, and I discovered with a start that more than half of the four pitiful hours allowed me had already elapsed. I was exceedingly anxious to reach the affair of Boulogne, and in order to bring back the Prince to the narration from which he had so pleasantly wandered, I asked him what was his motive in quitting America so early.

"The harrowing intelligence," he answered, "of my dear mother's extreme illness, whose entreaty was, if I valued her dying blessing, to return instantly, and that her only prayer night and day was to live till she should embrace me for the last time. I fled on the wings of the wind back to Switzerland, and had the melancholy satisfaction to watch by her bedside till in a few short weeks she breathed her last in my arms. This blow was the heaviest of my life," continued the Prince, whose voice seemed to waver and weaken as he alluded to this painful event. "For a while I sank down completely under its prostration. The vanity of life and its hopes filled my mind, and under the chastening influence of this grief I remained dead to the deceptions of ambition, and insensible to the provocations which as formerly set in upon me. I gave myself up to the calm excitement of literary pursuits, and not a stray thought ever wandered beyond the ample precincts of my paternal domain. I was awaked from this moral lethargy by the most singular announcement, and one the least called for, and the least expected, that the King of the French had appealed to the Allied Powers to unite with him in compelling

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me to give up my residence in Switzerland, and in case of refusal, to employ force, if necessary, to effect that purpose. No specific offence was alleged against me for this high-handed outrage on the integrity of a neutral territory, and this unjust invasion of my private rights. Indeed, in the eyes of any sensible person, this pretended apprehension of a man utterly defenceless, without party or power, without treasure or bayonets, and, as my opponents attested, totally deficient in capacity, was not only ridiculous, but took the form of malicious persecution. Had I even been again suspected of fomenting intrigues or concocting conspiracies, which, after all, could inspire no just alarm, there would not have been a shadow of excuse for this absurd combination of the European powers against a single individual barren of every resource. It was a painful sacrifice to be called on to give up the only home endeared to me by numberless ties of sentiment and convenience, and the whole proceeding was so irregular and puerile as naturally to renew those hostile passions which had well nigh expired in my breast. A formal demand, you may remember, was made on the Canton of Berne for my expulsion; but the high-spirited descendants of Tell resented with indignation this arrogant requisition of the Allies, and along with their refusal they made known their firm determination to protect the honor of their territory at all hazards, and against every odds. No notice was taken of this courageous menace, and troops were put in motion on all sides to crush at a blow the spirited resistance organizing by the brave mountaineers. A deadly collision approached.

"I could not stand by an idle spectator of a conflict where thousands of lives would have been vainly sacrificed, not defending any great principle, but my personal interest solely. I was deeply affected by the chivalrous protestations of fidelity that poured in upon me, and in a cause justifying such devotion, would have been proud indeed to have led such troops to battle. Against every form of remonstrance and persuasion, I sent word to the allied powers to arrest their march, as my determination was

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taken to leave Switzerland at once, and so remove the only cause of rupture. Giving immediate orders for the sale of my estate, I prepared to quit for ever a land bound up with the happiest recollections of my life, and doubly dear from the noble spirit it had so lately manifested in spurning the insolent commands of truculent power. Once more a fugitive, I directed my course to London, where, though grateful for the hospitality that welcomed me, I could not escape from the bitter reflections that crowded on my mind."

"Your observations, Monseigneur, strike me as not more temperate than just. Had any proof existed of criminal projects entertained against the reigning family, a French army would have been surely a sufficient force to march against Switzerland. But the object was clearly to embroil your Highness with the European powers, by representing you in the light of a revolutionary conspirator, whose residence on the continent was dangerous to the security of arbitrary governments. It was just one of those tortuous plots for which the King of the French seems to have an especial taste, for whilst his pretext was the safety of his dynasty, his real object was to make you appear in the eyes of the world as a thoughtless, harebrained pretender, ready to sacrifice the welfare of communities for purely personal objects."

"That was, doubtless, the game," returned the Prince, "and it was right skilfully followed up by a shameful calumny, which, appearing first in the French journals devoted to the king, quickly spread through Europe, to the effect that I had solemnly pledged my word, after the affair of Strasburg, not again to engage in any further cabals against the House of Orleans. This was wholly false, and has since been acknowledged so by the lawyers of the crown on my trial before the Court of Peers."

"Expedients so paltry must impair, by their exposure, any cause that stoops to adopt them," I replied, "and they could hardly fail to give to your political opposition the keen edge of personal resentment. I see exactly the state of mind, Monseig-

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neur, which rendered you again accessible to the tamperings of new conspirators. Besides, it must have struck you that no matter how pacific your intentions, your life and pursuits would continually be exposed to misrepresentation and annoyance, and I do not wonder at all at your giving way to that exasperation which was so natural under the circumstances. I am disposed to regard whatever means of retaliation you adopted more in the light of self-defence than as the wild outbreak of an aggressive ambition. The expedition to Boulogne must have had its origin in some such impulses as these."

"No," responded the Prince, "I cannot subscribe to your inferences, shrewd as they are. That my feelings were aroused and smarting under a sense of injury, I am ready to admit, but they never could have driven me to the extent of engaging in a second invasion of France. This is why I made use of the remark which you quoted, a little while ago, from the mouth of a mutual friend. But a far deeper current of feeling soon after set in, which, spreading over France, reached me in exile, and bore me away as resistlessly as the rest. When the stirring announcement rang in the ears of Frenchmen, that the venerated remains of Napoleon were on the sea, wafted by every breeze still nearer to his once idolized France, there was an upheaving of the popular heart, which would be as difficult for me to describe, as for a foreigner to understand. The emotions which had so long lain dormant, that all supposed they had ceased to exist, suddenly awoke with an energy and warmth that attested the eternal fidelity of the French heart to the memory of the Emperor. It was an event highly favorable to the views of my partisans, and I was assailed daily by a torrent of entreaty and invocation that I was hardly in a condition of mind to resist. 'Is it fitting,' it was asked, in the passionate language of many of the old followers of the Emperor, 'is it fitting that the corpse of Napoleon should be insulted by the presence of that Bourbon family which united with Europe in chaining him alive to the rock of

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St. Helena; which vindictively condemned to death his greatest marshals; and still pursues his nearest relatives into ignominious exile? Was it becoming,' they persisted, 'that his revered ashes should be touched by the profane hands of his enemies, when as a duty and a right they should be delivered up to the pious care of his relatives, for those imposing ceremonies which the whole nation will stand by in solemn grief to witness?' I was entreated to save the country from such an indecent mockery, and conjured to present myself at the head of the funeral procession on its way to the capital, when all France would rise to recognise my just claims to the place of chief mourner. 'The sacred ashes of our French Cæsar,' they cried, 'are crossing the sea, and will not young Octavius come to convey them back to Rome?'"

"It was certainly a fearful risk," I remarked, "that the Orleans dynasty incurred in yielding to the general wish for the restoration of the Emperor's remains. It was hoped, no doubt, that so popular an act would redound somewhat to its advantage, by identifying its name with this touching mark of national homage; but the souvenirs it revived, fraught with so many glories, was an ordeal likely to put its strength to a severe test. It requires no explanation, Monseigneur, to make it plain to every mind how your resolution was compelled to give way to a combination of circumstances, that seemed providentially prepared for some grand result. But, if I recollect, it was before the arrival of the Emperor's body that the landing at Boulogne took place."

"Yes—some months before," replied the Prince, "for my resolution could not be shaken on the point so vehemently urged of joining the funeral cortége on its route to Paris. 'No,' was my constant reply, 'I will not mar the afflicting solemnity of such a spectacle by the rude intrusion of my private griefs. My heart is torn at the cruelty and injustice which denies to me, his nephew, the mournful privilege of uniting with the French people in this last

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act of reverence to their venerated Chief; but I will not outrage the sanctity of their sorrow, nor disturb the awful silence which will brood over France on that sad and memorable day by a vulgar brawl, or perhaps a more tragic catastrophe.' Seeing that I was inflexible, further entreaty was abandoned, but remonstrances followed, and even accusations were levelled against me as the chief of a party whose interests were sacrificed by my neglect and indifference. The most convincing statements were laid before me of the almost infallible success which awaited me; and really, there could be no question of the favorable disposition of the people. At length, quite wearied out, I consented, and preparations were rapidly made for the attempt, which it was settled should take place in August, 1840. It so happened that every regiment upon whose devotion I could most entirely rely was scattered along the road from Dunkerque to Paris."

"This was certainly an occurrence," I said, with a marked intonation, "which looked as if chance itself invited you to the enterprise; but your Highness will permit me to indulge the suspicion that some occult influence had more to do with this desirable arrangement than any accidental combination of favorable events."

"You must excuse me," returned the Prince, "from replying to your suggestion; but to satisfy you that I had good reason to count upon a satisfactory result, I will mention some facts and names which, out of regard to the interests of these parties, I must beg of you carefully to conceal." The Prince here entered into some relations, sustained by indubitable proofs, of the voluntary offers of service which had been made him by personages of the highest rank and influence, and of the various forces put at his disposition. It was made clear enough, that if he could only succeed in effecting an entrance into France, he might, on reaching the first garrison town on the road from Boulogne to Paris, count on the most effectual support. It is with no small regret that I yield to the request of Prince Louis to suppress

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revelations that would infallibly settle the question so much mooted, of the want of due consideration alleged against this apparently harebrained attempt. The Prince has had to choose, for years past, between the reproaches and ridicule heaped on his failure by his enemies, or to vindicate himself at the cost of his dearest friends. He has nobly preferred the former, and the chances are, that the whole truth touching this ill-fated expedition will never be known, or not till every actor therein has passed beyond the penalties of any earthly tribunal.*

It is natural that the world, in every case, should form its opinions upon the facts known, and all that has ever reached the public eye of the attempt at Boulogne is the sudden appearance of an unarmed steamer off its harbor, and the disembarkation therefrom of Prince Louis and his staff. The invasion of France by such a force is absurd enough; nay, it is so absurd, that the wonder is how any person who reflected twice could place any further credit in the story. Were it possible to detail the particulars of this well-constructed and wide-spreading plot; to show how precise and complete were all the preparations made; the scrupulous pains taken to render defeat impossible; above all, to state the vast amount of military force secured to its execution; then the marvel would be, that success the most triumphant did not attend it. But how often it occurs that Providence, by the

* After leaving Ham, I felt greatly anxious to be allowed to mention a distinguished person whose recent death, occasioned in no slight degree by his chagrin in consequence of these painful events, would, I thought, sanction the veil being removed from his name. I saw all the advantage that would accrue to the Prince from its being known that an individual so high in command was one of his warmest partisans, and I wrote to him for this privilege, but his answer was decisive. "*Mais je désire autant,*" were his words, "*que même les morts ne seraient pas indiqués, car cela aurait des inconvenients pour ceux qui vivent.*" I desire as much that even the dead be not indicated, for that would be attended with serious disadvantage to the survivors. Alluding in this case to the sons of the deceased, who had not been compromised in the affair of Boulogne.

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simplest obstacle, sets at naught the most elaborate designs of man; and thus it was with this carefully-designed fabric of conspiracy. A breath shook, and overthrew it. Its history is brief.

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VIII.

THERE were but two companies of infantry quartered at Boulogne, and it was soon ascertained that they would zealously join the Prince. A captain, however, of one of these companies, who had received some favors from the king, adhered to his allegiance, and obstinately refused all the advances made to him. It was then decided to have him removed to some other point, and a short delay ensued in order to accomplish this. Orders were finally issued, transferring him to another command, and the day for his departure named. Some accident prevented his going, and we shall see what this had to do with the result. On the 6th of August, 1840, the day following the supposed departure of the loyal captain, the Prince landed with his suite at sunrise, just below the town, and repaired instantly to the barracks. His arrival was no sooner announced than every soldier rushed into the court-yard, giving the wildest expression to his enthusiasm. They mounted the Prince on their shoulders, and bore him about in triumph. Anxious to lose not a moment in escaping from Boulogne on his road to St. Omer, where the garrison awaited him, he endeavored to establish order, and addressing a few stirring words to the troops, he bade them follow him. Brandishing their arms, and uttering the most passionate cries of devotion, they obeyed his summons, and dashed towards the portal of the barracks. Here the whole movement was checked by the unexpected apparition of the afore-mentioned officer, who had hastened to the barracks on hearing of the event. His soldiers quailed at

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sight of him, and, drawing his sword, he began a spirited harangue. The moment was critical in the extreme. Every minute's delay was attended with imminent danger. The partisans of the government were actively at work assembling the National Guard, which the small force on the side of the sedition was in no wise adequate to meet. Advancing impetuously towards the sole obstacle in his path, the Prince addressed the contumacious captain in strong terms of remonstrance; words ensued, and in the heat of the moment the Prince drew a pistol and fired at him. The shot, missing its object, unhappily took effect on a poor soldier, who was at the very moment shouting "Vive Napoleon III. !"

This painful incident distressed the Prince, and threw a damper over the spirits of all. A report, too, was at that instant brought him, which afterwards turned out incorrect, that one of his principal officers had abandoned his cause, and gone over to the king. Growing desperate with his situation, he made an energetic effort to dissipate the confusion prevailing, and rally the drooping courage of his troops. Their resolution returned, and still adhered to by the greater part, he made his way to the gates of the town. To his utter discomfiture, he found them closed; and turning round, he saw himself, and a handful of men, hemmed in on every side by the National Guard, which, as yet, had no distinct idea whom or what they were contending with. An immediate surrender would have been, perhaps, the most prudent thing under the circumstances, but such was not the mood of the Prince. Nobly supported by the forlorn hope which still clung to him, he charged with such impetuosity on the forces in his front as to scatter them in every direction. Without any purpose, and bereft of every chance of success, the idea occurred to him to make for the column erected near the town to the Imperial army, and cutting his way through all opposition, he succeeded in reaching it. Here turning round he exclaimed to his devoted followers: "It is useless now to explain my projects—my cause

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and yours is lost—there is nothing left but to die;"—and he persisted in his mad resolution to fight till some well-directed ball should save him the pain of surviving his defeat. In defiance of his struggles and menaces, his friends seized him in their arms, and carried him off to the beach, where a small boat was lying in wait to carry them to the steamer, which still lingered in the offing. They reached the shore in safety, and the Prince was entreated to shelter himself in the bottom of the skiff. They pushed off, and made desperate efforts to reach the steamer, little dreaming that it had already, with all its treasures, fallen into the hands of the Government. They were but a few rods from the shore when the National Guard overtook them, and, though seeing them unarmed and entirely exposed, opened a galling fire direct upon them. What might have been the final result, God only knows, but a touching incident here ensued, which gave a new turn to the melancholy affair, and brought it to a quick and tragic consummation. A brave old soldier, Col. Mesonan, arrived after the boat had left, and being hotly pursued, threw himself into the surf, and made great exertions to overtake his friends. He had swum a considerable distance amid a shower of fire, and nearly reached them, when his strength began to fail, and he was about to sink. Efforts were made to rescue him, but he cried out, "push on—save the Prince, and leave me to my fate." Escaping from the grasp of his friends, who were endeavoring to keep him out of danger, the Prince, wholly regardless of the risk, laid hold of his faithful old partisan, and sought to drag him in. In the attempt the boat was upset, and the whole party were precipitated into the water. This painful event, instead of awakening the humanity of the cowardly wretches on the shore, who disgraced the uniform they wore, only seemed to renew their zeal. They fired volley after volley on the unfortunate band, whose numbers were rapidly diminished. Some were shot, others drowned; but the Prince succeeded in reaching the shore, when he stood unshrinkingly up, folded his arms, and

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facing his enemy, calmly awaited his death-blow. Two of his friends, Count Dunin and Mons. Faure, faithful to the last, were shot dead at his side. Col. Voisin rushed forward to protect him, and received several balls in different parts of his body. M. Galveni, a Pole, in attempting the same thing, fell grievously wounded. The Prince himself was struck by two balls in the arm and in the leg, but the injuries were not serious. When, at length, the National Guard of loyal Boulogne saw that nearly every man was down, and that the Prince, perfectly unarmed, was standing a tranquil target for their murderous aim, they plucked up resolution enough to approach and seize him. The ensuing day he was conveyed to Paris, and all along the road received the warmest marks of sympathy and regret. In every garrison town the soldiers collected in groups about his carriage, and in their varied expressions of grief and anger might be traced the strength of their attachment, and the bitterness of their disappointment.

In relating these moving events, nothing could exceed the simplicity of the language and manner of Prince Louis. His intonation occasionally changed, and his expressive countenance darkened at times, as he alluded in turn to the different friends who had perished around him. But, in general, his air was that of a man inured to misfortune ; calm under the stroke,—as yet neither crushed by its weight, nor defiant of its force.

"If you had succeeded, Prince," I asked, at the close of his recital, "in reaching Paris in triumph, you would have naturally assumed the crown, as the just recompense of your exertions and risks ?"

"By no means," he answered ; "my first act would simply have been to convoke a Congress of the nation, and then to have deposed all authority in their hands. But you must be fatigued with this long sitting, so let us take a turn on the ramparts."

The Prince then rose, and led the way to a portion of the ramparts inclosed between two towers, at the southern extremity

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of the citadel, where a promenade of some fifty yards in length, on a level with the walls, had been prepared for exercise, and which was accessible by a winding path of easy ascent. The view of the surrounding country from the top was commanding; but as my eye wandered over the vast expanse of table land, which spread out to the skirts of the horizon, it failed to encounter a single object of interest or of beauty. All was flat, monotonous, and cheerless. I never remembered a landscape so dreary and repulsive. Even the dull town of Ham, which might have served as a diversion to the prospect, was out of view from the spot purposely assigned to the Prince; and there was nothing to relieve the general sterility without, but the old decaying pile of buildings within the fortress. For the greater part of the year, in this inhospitable climate, the sky is clouded and menacing, and at this moment the gloom of surrounding objects was enhanced by the humid air and cold shade which dwelt on all around. It was really a relief to turn from this chilly survey, and watch the gambols and sportive pranks of a pet dog who accompanied us, and who did his best to enliven our walk. The prince pointed with some satisfaction to a meagre collection of flowers and plants, which had been arranged with taste along the sides of the acclivity we had just mounted, and which he dignified with the sounding title of "his garden," adding, how much pains and time he had given to their cultivation.* Certainly no other proof was wanting of the distressing inactivity of his prison-life.

* The recollection of this incident was brought to my mind a year afterwards, by reading a passage in General Montholon's book, describing the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena. It is as follows: "A shelter against the trade winds, and a little shade, were the two incessant wants that could serve to render our habitation of Longwood in the least comfortable. The Emperor thought he might create both in his small gardens. He set to work at once, giving us all an example to imitate. And it was certainly a picture worth the copying by the greatest artist, to represent this conqueror of so many kingdoms, who had dictated laws to so many sovereigns, thus at the

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"It may be, Monseigneur," I observed, "that fresh as I am from the world without, and directly from the gay seductions of the capital, I feel more acutely the leaden monotony which seems to envelope like a mantle every object about me. To you the weariness of such a seclusion may have worn off in the five wretched years you have passed in this horrible place; but with my present sensations, I think I should prefer instant death to the cruel sentence which has condemned you to linger here for life."

"Oh, no," he replied in desponding tones, "I did not feel it so much at first. The excitement and the novelty diverted, and sustained me for a long while; then I took refuge in my books, and planned a history of artillery, and other works which again engaged my mind, and propped up my spirits. But at length my resources were all exhausted, and the mental occupations which formerly were my solace, are now my greatest misery. My daily want is to escape from myself; to arrest the corroding action of the mind which begins to undermine my health; but the only means left for such an end, as the occasional admission of friends, is denied me. Study and solitude make sad inroads on body and mind, and how much longer I shall succeed in resisting their ravages time alone can tell."

break of day, a spade in his hand, a large straw hat on his head, slippers of red morocco on his feet, directing our labors; and those, which was still more droll, of the numerous Chinese gardeners belonging to the establishment." The General goes on to give an elaborate description of the marvels accomplished; the planting of trees; the elevation of banks of turf; the laying of pipes and the creation of *jets d'eau*, &c.; which he ends by saying, "All these works cost the Emperor a great deal of money, but they contributed to prolong his sad existence, by diverting him for some moments at least from his unhappy position." It is, indeed, singular, the effect of situation on all minds; when we behold, how strange the coincidence, Napoleon and his nephew both seeking to escape the lassitudes of imprisonment by occupations the most foreign to natures energetic and active like theirs. Each one may test for himself on a sea voyage, the shrivelling effect on the mind of a want of occupation. Amusement, then, is sought in trifles, that would shock, at another time, by their puerility.

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There was that in the tone of the Prince and the reality of his complaints that went to my heart. I vividly comprehended how an intellect like his, accustomed to grapple with the loftiest subjects, and habituated to severe thought, must yearn at times for diversion and rest. It was not a case where consolation could be attempted, and I looked about for some occasion to change the subject. My glance fell for the first time on a two story brick building, not far from, and overlooking our promenade. Around the windows on the inside were assembled groups of soldiers, crowding upon one another, and peering through the glass with great curiosity. I suppose the unusual sight of a stranger at the side of the Prince had attracted their attention.

"It just occurs to me, Monseigneur," I remarked, "that you must find great entertainment in chatting with the soldiers. Their devotion to yourself is well known, and your influence would lend great weight to such opinions as you might think fit to inculcate."

"Yes," answered the Prince, "it would be an agreeable pastime to converse with those intelligent men, but the government has thought proper to forbid me such a privilege. No officer or soldier is allowed to speak to or salute me; and those two fellows yonder"—pointing to a couple of men in plain clothes who were walking up and down at a short distance—

"I have remarked them," I said, interrupting him, "for some time, and been struck with the steadiness their gaze was directed this way, without divining the object."

"Well, their especial business," he continued, "is to keep me constantly in sight when I am out, as now, walking on the ramparts, to see that no one approaches or addresses me. If their vigilance was entirely confined to me it would be only a part of my penalty, but I am truly annoyed that the soldiers should suffer great inconvenience in their barracks by a paltry jealousy on the part of the government. It was for some time customary, when I made my appearance in the afternoon on the

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ramparts, for the warm-hearted fellows, when they caught sight of me, to raise their windows, and greet me with cheers. They not unfrequently sang patriotic airs, and gave expression to their feelings in honor of the Emperor. Nothing could be more natural or harmless than this simple enthusiasm; but the government at length took offence, and ordered the windows of the barracks that you see there, fronting my walk, to be nailed down. The air here is none of the best," he added, smiling, "and the minister thought doubtless it would be no great deprivation to cut it off, the more so that it was infected with my treasonable presence."

"It was certainly a bungling manœuvre nevertheless," I returned, "for it will have the necessary effect to increase the evil they sought to check. Instead of offending the soldiers, it would have been wiser to remove your walk. I can find no fault, however," I continued, looking round, "with their want of excessive precautions against an escape or rescue; for besides drawbridges and double ditches, I see the whole fortress is surrounded by numerous *corps de gardes*, which, aided by the many sentinels pacing the walls, render any such attempt hopeless, unless, as I have heard, that the very regiments on duty have more than once offered to give you liberty."

"However that may be," he replied, "I am unwilling to accept any irregular means to obtain my freedom, ardently as I yearn for it, but still less to subscribe to the degrading terms, as I consider them, occasionally offered me by the king. I know full well that I run the risk of malevolent misrepresentation by refusing this ostensible generosity; but in reality I have no alternative."

"How like the jesuitical policy of this reign," I observed, "is this adroit dealing with your Highness. Propositions are made to you coupled with restrictions or conditions such as to make them impossible, and then your rejection is set down to obstinacy or design. I cannot in justice withhold from the government my free admission that a more ingenious system of moral and

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physical persecution than theirs could not well be devised without running the risk of awakening public opinion."

"At all events," said the Prince, "my claims are well founded to a treatment somewhat less harsh from the Orleans family: for it was to the zealous and persevering efforts of my mother that an income of 200,000f. was obtained from the bounty of the Emperor for their support, together with the precious privilege of remaining in France,* whereas I am not allowed the ordinary boon of living in peace in a foreign country. I know it is childish to complain: I have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and I must needs bear the rigors of my lot. *Du reste*, I have become hardened by constant exposure to annoyance and reiterated calamities. The petty vexations set for me here are only a renewal of traps and snares practised on me elsewhere, until disloyalty, official or personal, has ceased to surprise or incense me longer. With the callousness I have acquired the caution of experience, and whilst my interest in unravelling roguery is diminished, my chances of escaping its plots are greatly increased. But here," he said abruptly, as if anxious to break off an unpleasant train of thought, "is an object of great curiosity"—and we stopped in front of a huge tower which raised its ponderous head over the lower end of the promenade we had been traversing the while. It was indeed in every way interesting, both from its singular dimensions and its romantic history. It was built in 1460 by the Count

* In confirmation of this remark, nothing further is necessary than to quote from a letter, which I have raked up in search of the facts, written to Queen Hortense, mother of Prince Louis, by the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe. "Madame," she says, "you have kindly offered your mediation with his majesty the Emperor to obtain his authorization to remain in France, together with a sufficient sum to subsist on. I know what your majesty has already done in my behalf, and that it is to your interest with the emperor that I owe the 200,000f. he has been so good as to accord me. * * * * * * In conclusion, believe, madame, that my gratitude will always equal the sentiments of regard, the expression of which I beg you now to receive. LOUISE MARIE ADELAIDE D'ORLEANS BOURBON."

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St. Pol, Constable of France in the reign of Louis XI. This powerful feudal lord was but on indifferent terms with his wily sovereign, and fearful that matters might go the length of an open breach, he bethought him of building this gigantic tower of 100 feet in height, the same in diameter, with walls of thirty feet in thickness, in whose capacious sides were constructed various chambers. A wide ditch formerly surrounded it, adding to its security. Proud of his *chef d'œuvre*, he engraved on its massive portal the words still legible, *mon mieux* (my best), and confidently relied on its strength to protect him in case of need against the worst assaults of his formidable enemy. He calculated without his host, poor fellow, and with a strange blindness to the character of his foe. The Louis of that day was notorious for his exceeding craftiness, and, of choice, preferred always a trick to simpler means. Instead of bringing his terrible artillery to bear on the impregnable sides of *mon mieux*, which would have "laughed a siege to scorn," he expressed in dissembling language his admiration of its noble masonry, and not long after, in affectionate terms, invited its enterprising projector to Paris, where the confiding St. Pol betook himself, little dreaming that the structure he had erected to preserve his life would only serve as a monument to commemorate his death. He was seized, imprisoned, and beheaded, on reaching the court of his treacherous master. These tragic incidents deepened the interest with which I regarded this noble relic of centuries, still in perfect preservation, and I stood for some moments contemplating it in silence. The Prince put my reveries to flight by turning round suddenly with the remark, "Ah, there is the Count Montholon. Come along with me and I will present you to him." I followed him with great readiness down the terrace to a lower walk, where I observed, taking pretty vigorous exercise, a tall and military-looking man, who seemed unconscious of our approach until within a few steps of him, when he halted, and saluted the Prince with marked respect. He received me with great cordiality, and

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a short conversation ensued, but of generalities too vague to repeat. He complained greatly of his health, and the unfavorable moisture of the climate, which racked his bones with rheumatism. He was out to profit by the rare good fortune of a fitful sunshine, which disappeared as he spoke; and as the day was waning, I cut short my interview, that I might not rob him of the little time left. I contemplated him as we spoke with great interest. He was well-advanced in years, and evidently suffering from his long imprisonment, but yet bore about him the marks of a good constitution. His eye was still bright and piercing; his movements vigorous and decided; his utterance was rapid, and even in small things traces of his quick and intelligent mind could be discerned. His complexion, of a deep bronze, was in singular contrast to the snowy whiteness of his hair, both speaking eloquently of his long and arduous military service. Bidding him adieu with manifestations of regard I strove not to conceal, I began remarking to the Prince, as we mounted to our airy platform, on the eventful features of his extraordinary life. "Born," I said, "to an ancient title and great expectations, he found himself, in youth, a scion and defender of that aged aristocracy which, steeped in abuses, and covered with obloquy, still bore proudly and boldly up against the coming avalanche. A soldier of the republic, he adopted his new faith with loyalty, and fought under the banner of the people with the same zeal that he would have defended from hereditary duty that of their former masters. Passing into the service of the Emperor your uncle, none served him with such devotion, or clung with such despairing fidelity to his changed and broken fortunes. And now, Prince," I added, "how singular and how affecting that, surviving by long years his tedious and dreary captivity in that barren isle, for ever memorable, which he never quitted till with his own hands he closed those eagle eyes which once had scorched the world in their fiery gaze; yes, how strange and inexpressibly touching, that he should now find another St. Helena

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but twenty leagues from Paris, where his old age is wasting away in useless but unswerving fidelity to the destinies of that house he has never forsaken.*

The Prince listened in good-natured silence to this ebullition of feeling which involuntarily escaped my lips. As we turned to resume our walk, my mind still busy with the vicissitudes of life, what should I espy, to my surprise, on the opposite bank of the moat running round the citadel, but the indomitable Baptiste, who, in spite of *corps de gardes* and other risks, had contrived to work his way round to an excellent position for a full and uninterrupted view of the immediate object of his idolatry! I pointed him out, and gave the Prince a lively sketch of his character; relating the incidents of the morning; his enthusiasm at the first glance of his Highness on the ramparts; his entreaty to follow me, and his luckless rencontre with the commandant; all of which greatly amused my attentive auditor, who every now and then directed his glance towards Baptiste. This eccentric, but simple-hearted fellow there stood the while, mute and transfixed, his regard intently dwelling on us, totally unconscious of my entertaining an imperial ear with a subject so insignificant as his valetship, when, of a sudden, from a kindly impulse, the Prince touched his military cap, and saluted him. Baptiste turned round with respectful gravity in search of the invisible personage likely to be

* In an able but biassed review of Count Montholon's History of the St. Helena Captivity, which appeared in the July No. of *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1846, some interesting remarks are made concerning his character and career, that I cannot forbear extracting in part. Such testimony, from enemies so decided in their hostility as the English, is honorable in the highest degree to the object of this reluctant homage. "Of Count Montholon," says the reviewer, "it must be acknowledged that he was unstained either by the vices or the violences which scandalized Europe so frequently in the leaders of the French armies. He appears at all times to have been a man of honorable habits, as he certainly is of striking intelligence." It must be admitted that it is a guarantee the more for the motives which inspired the expedition to Boulogne, that such a man should have yielded to their influence.

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the object of such an honor, and that he supposed somewhere in his neighborhood. This was excessively funny, and the Prince, full of mirth, now raised his cap and bowed with still more meaning directly at him. I made a gesture to the effect that he was its recipient. The effect was electrical. Baptiste gave a start that I thought would carry him into the ditch. Off went his hat, open flew his mouth, and "*Vive l'Empereur*" was trembling on his lips, when the rattle of a musket, just shouldered by a sentinel in his vicinity, who now began to manifest an officious interest in his manœuvres, happily struck his ear, and arrested in time his explosive enthusiasm, but threw him into a predicament between his safety and his gratitude, which was in the highest degree comical to behold. The orders of the government were peremptory to arrest, and shoot, if necessary, all persons loitering about the fortress, and uttering seditious cries. Baptiste had the keenest view of the consequences of proceeding a tithe further in his demonstrations, and there he stuck fast in the middle of his loyalty, describing circles in the air with his upraised hat, and dividing his troubled gaze between his self-elected sovereign on the ramparts, and the vigilant sentinel of the detested Louis Philippe on his left, who kept measuring him steadily from head to foot, as though picking out the exact spot he would send a ball through, on the slightest provocation. In the teeth of calumny, Baptiste was a living proof, that, in spite of his fiery impulses, a Frenchman can be prudent in critical circumstances; for, after a series of expressive pantomimic exhibitions, wherein he sought to display the intensity of his devotion, enlivened all the time with sundry additional gyrations of his hat, that were given with such vigorous good-will as occasionally to turn him completely round on his axis, he obeyed discreetly the gruff order of the guard, and moved slowly, reluctantly, and quietly off. His hat was the last speck that darkened the horizon, as he receded into distance, and it was still going round in flourishing adulation.

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IX.

"WELL, it is not to be wondered at, Monseigneur," I remarked, as we continued our walk, "that the French should give themselves up to such boundless infatuation for the memory of the Emperor, but he errs egregiously who attributes its source solely to admiration of his military exploits. It has a deeper foundation in the solid benefits he conferred on France, and the innumerable blessings his ascendency strewed over all Europe. Everywhere on the Continent the popular heart must rebound at mention of his name, for from his time date whatever mitigation of wrongs, whatever relief from crushing abuses, the unhappy people of Europe have obtained. In every town and village of the Continent I have met traces of his passage in political, moral, and physical ameliorations, that else might have slumbered for years in the bosom of the future. The din of his battles had hardly ceased before the conquered state had reason to rejoice in her defeat. As rapid in his civil movements as in his military manœuvres, decree after decree was issued, law after law promulgated with the celerity of imperial charges, to encourage agriculture, to extend commerce, to establish manufactures, and to foster the arts. The abuses of tyranny were swept away with a wave of his hand; atrocious cruelties, under a religious mask, were trampled under foot. Above all, popular rights were created and political privileges bestowed, that on their return the old monarchies dared not openly extinguish, however secretly they sought to nullify them. In a material point of view, it is impossible to estimate the bounties scattered, indiscriminately, over all countries by the sagacious and

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benevolent policy of Napoleon. New roads, bridges, and public edifices in every part of Europe survive as so many monuments of his universal energy, though I have often smiled at the paltry jealousy which erased the name of the founder to substitute that of his petty successor. Brilliant as was the military career of the Emperor, and astounding as the results, it is his smallest claim to the respect and gratitude of posterity."

"You can hardly imagine," returned the Prince, "to what degree I am affected by your words. The policy of his enemies has been for so many years directed to the effort of traducing his character and misrepresenting all his acts, that the greater part of the intelligent world, however impartial, have been led to form the most unjust views, and to adopt the most erroneous conclusions. Reckless ambition has been ascribed to him as his only trait, and a despotic will as his peculiar vice. No honest survey is made of his position; no allowance conceded to its necessities; no explanation advanced of the principles which controlled him; no homage to the results which followed his labors. But the reason for this is so evident, that his family cannot wonder, deeply as they repine, over these gross misrepresentations. The abettors of despotism cannot praise him without pronouncing their own condemnation, and giving a flagrant contradiction to all their acts and words. That Napoleon was ambitious and despotic it would be absurd to deny; but these were the very qualities that circumstances called for, and the interests he represented were identified with their fullest exercise. By the force of his will, what wonders he effected for France! and granting him no other motive than ambition, what blessings its indulgence proved for the downtrodden masses of Europe! But, the truth is, Napoleon's origin was revolutionary, his system reformatory, and the successful close of his career would have been damnatory to every dynasty in Europe. The truth of the principles he was sent to champion was the grave of the arbitrary powers. This was seen and felt on both sides; and hence the irreconcilable antipathy, the eternal

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hostility, which marked the whole of his reign. I will not deny that he was, doubtless, pleased to display his military skill at the expense of the enemies of France and of human freedom; but that he knew the ultimate consequence of contending against united Europe must be his downfall, there are proofs enough to show. He was well aware that the most enduring monument to his fame could only be founded in peace, and that nothing was so near his heart, after every conquest, as the means to secure and perpetuate it."

"Your statement, Prince," I observed, "is certainly confirmed by his anxious appeals to the English Government, in 1800. 'Is the war never to cease?' he asked; 'Must everything be sacrificed to vain ideas of grandeur? Does not England feel, like France, that peace is the first of a nation's wants, as it is the first of her glories.' These fruitless efforts to put an end to hostilities were renewed, if I remember, at three different periods afterwards.* But no, as you have strikingly shown, it was the settled policy of the old system to make no terms with him; and England, as the most interested in abuse, led the way which she strewed over with her gold. Coalition after coalition was made; alliance after alliance was formed; and neither defeat nor persuasion could calm the deadly elements of strife which kept the world so many years in bloody commotion. But which of the parties, I ask, is responsible for these scenes of devastation and slaughter? Who, before man and God, should stand arraigned for such high and mighty misdemeanors? He, who fought for the regeneration of mankind and the progress of civilization; or they who struggled only for their dynastic privileges, and the maintenance of the corruptions which had so long glutted their coffers? It matters nothing to my speculations whether the motives of Napoleon were sincerely democratic or entirely selfish. In either case he was the instrument of Providence for the promotion of the popular welfare. You see, Prince, I take a democratic view of these great

* 1805, '8, '12.

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events, and, with all my sympathies on the side of the people, in their gigantic struggle with the myrmidons of tyranny, I am likely to draw inferences and reach conclusions respecting the wars and policy of Napoleon widely different from those inculcated by the venal scribes who have only, as yet, for the most part, treated this subject."

"I should be surprised," he replied, "if an American could take any other view; for, removed from the class of prejudices which prevail here, nor deceived, I trust, by the ingenious sophistries which have so long disguised the truth, your country is in a situation to see clearly and judge impartially of men and their deeds in this. It is wise for your own sakes, as it is needful for humanity, whose interest it is your mission to defend, that the contest waging here between the people and their stolid oppressors should be rightly understood. To cite another proof that Napoleon knew his age, his position, and the purposes he was destined to achieve,* I am proud to point to his energetic efforts in behalf

* In connexion with the above remark, I am tempted to quote a striking passage from an article on French affairs, which appeared a couple of years since in an English journal, which, with that subtlety of tact peculiarly English, and which, to give it the right name, is audacious hypocrisy, cunningly attributes the disasters which befell the continental governments to their previous vices—ergo, their own government must be guiltless, since it escaped its deserts. There is, however, an elevation and solemnity in the following reflections, that I am disposed to treat with respect, but the accusations against the iniquities of other governments are no apology for their own. "The first French Revolution," says the writer, "was the palpable work of Providence, for the punishment of a long career of guilt, consummated by an unparalleled act of perfidy, the partition of Poland. The passions of men were made the means of punishing the vices of governments. When the cup was full, Napoleon was sent to force it upon the startled lips of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The three conspirators were crushed in bloody encounters—the capitals of the three were captured—the provinces of the three were plundered—and the military pride of the three was humiliated by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace. But when the destined work was done, the means were required no more. When the victims were broken

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of popular instruction. What were his memorable words in announcing his scheme to France? They are his best vindication now from the mass of aspersions cast on his memory, and his surest avenger in the future. 'It is only those who mean to deceive the people,' he declared, 'and govern them to their own advantage, who can desire to keep them in ignorance; for the more the people are enlightened, the more will they be convinced of the necessity of laws and the wisdom of defending them; and the more tranquil, happy, and prosperous will society be.' Would Napoleon have ever uttered such opinions—indeed, could his mind ever have engendered them, if he had not perceived the day coming when they must be carried into effect? Nor was he the man, vainly, childishly to struggle, like some who have succeeded him, with the exigencies of the epoch. He knew the pregnant nature of the seed he was sowing, and that its spreading roots would defy the efforts of man to eradicate them. The schools and colleges he reared in every part of France, were so many fortresses against the duration of a despotic government; and would he have been so short-sighted as to create them, were he not prepared to resign the dictatorship that anarchy and invasion had forced on him? What would have been the language of the first generation of his scholars?—'Sire, you have prepared us to exercise sovereign power; we perfectly understand the new duties that will devolve on us, and are now ready to undertake them.' He would have beheld an entire nation kneeling in gratitude round his throne, rescued from barbaric ignorance, elevated to a level with their destiny, and fit to accomplish their high mission. Smiling benignantly on such a spectacle, how else could he address them than by acknowledging his own work. 'My children,' he would have replied, 'absolute authority was mine; it was your gift, and I

on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the sight of man. The empire of France was extinguished by the same sovereign law which had permitted its existence."

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have employed it for your good and the glory of France, and not in devising means to retain it. I have founded institutions, established codes, and created laws which supersede my will, and make all amenable to legal forms and legitimate restraints. I have sought to enlighten you as to your true interests, and to raise you to a clear sense of your own value. My task is accomplished—despotic power is no more possible in France. I surrender my trust, and if your confidence in myself and family remain undiminished, it is for you to choose us, or others, as delegates of your sovereign will.' It is hardly necessary to quote the words of the Emperor at St. Helena to show this was the final glory he coveted, the guiltless fame after which he aspired. The acts I am recalling attest it sufficiently."*

* "I had acceded, in a spirit of candor, to the consequences of the additional act. I was aware of the exigencies of the new situation in which I found myself, seated again upon the throne; of this I gave proof when I said to Benjamin Constant:

"The nation has been twelve years at rest from all political agitation, and, for one year, has been resting from war; this double rest makes her long again for activity. She wants, or deems she wants liberty, a rostrum, assemblies. She has not always wanted them; she was weary of them, when she threw herself at my feet to lift me upon the imperial shield. You must remember it yourself, since you attempted to oppose my accession to the throne. Where was your support, your strength? Nowhere. I have taken less authority than I was invited to take. Recollect the time when I said to the Council of State, 'you think, perhaps, that it is power that I want: power! I have more than I require. Who stands up against me in France —in Europe, even? But I wish to lay the foundations of a social edifice. Look around you, what is there? On one side, the Vendeans, apparently reconciled to submission; self-exiles, whom I have recalled; priests, to whom I restored their altars, and who hate me after all, while accepting my bounty. On the other side, revolutionists split up into endless divisions, betraying, accusing each other, and over all that a freed nation, that no longer knows whom to heed, and demands repose, with the privilege of no longer thinking of anything by itself. And you think that this is a society in good condition! With the young, I will form a real society, animated by the

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"It is a truthful picture you have drawn, Monseigneur," I answered, "and no one, not consumed by prejudice, or pledged

wholesome ideas of the age, sentiments of true patriotism, and which, without any of the false ideas of the past, the hatreds of the present, shall be worthy of succeeding us, and will be competent to carry out the true idea of those who made the revolution. The constitution of the year XIII., the civil code, are my works. The Bourbons have striven to stifle my glory beneath the grasp of liberty; by the weakness of their administration, and likewise by the absurd pretensions of those who surround them, they have re-awakened some of the passions of 1789. The taste of constitutions, of speech-making, seems to be returning; do not mistake, however; it is neither called for nor required by the people. The popular masses only require one thing: myself, to rid them of the Bourbons and their feudal retainers; have you not seen them, the whole popular array, following in crowds after me, calling, seeking, and greeting me with their acclamations from Cannes to the Tuileries? I am not only the Emperor of the soldiery, as the liberal gentry pretends; I am that of the peasants, the plebeians of France. Therefore, in spite of the flagrant recollection of my reverses, you have seen the people returning in a mass towards me, because there exists a sympathy between us. It was not so with the privileged classes. The old nobility served me, crowded my antechambers; there is no office which it has not accepted, asked for, solicited. Montmorency, Brancas, Noailles, Beauveau, Bearn, Mortemart—I had men of those families; but there never existed any analogy between us. The steed performed curvets; he was well trained; but I felt his chafing. With the people it was different. The popular fibre is my own. I came from the ranks of the people; they are acted upon by my voice. Look at those conscripts—those peasants' sons. I did not flatter them; I treated them roughly, but none the less did they gather around me and cry, Long live the Emperor! For their nature and mine are identical; they consider me as their support,—their deliverer against their lords. I have but to make a sign, or only avert my eyes, and the nobles will be slaughtered in all the provinces—they have roused so much slumbering hatred within the last six months! But I do not want to be the king of an insurrection of peasants. I think there is a way of governing through a constitution; I wished for France the sceptre of the world, and to secure it for her. I required unquestioned power. To govern France, when reduced to her present limits or even to her natural ones, it may be that a constitutional system is better. Bring me your ideas.

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by their interests to distort the character and misconstrue the deeds of the Emperor, but must admit its beauty and correctness.

"Free elections? public discussions? responsible ministers? liberty? I must have all that, especially the liberty of the press. To stifle it would now be absurd. Finally, I am the people's man, and if they really want liberty, I owe it to them. I have acknowledged their sovereignty; I must obey their will, and even give ear to their whims. Never did I wish to oppress them, nor to exhaust them for my personal interest. I had great designs in behalf of France; fate has willed it otherwise; I am no longer a conqueror; I never can be one again. I know what is possible and what is not. I can no longer have but one mission; to raise France and give her a government that shall be suited to her. I have thrust liberty aside when she stood in my way; yet do I appreciate her. I have loved her; she has been the dream of my youth. Besides, the work of my reign of fifteen years is destroyed; it cannot be begun anew. It would require twenty years' time, and the sacrifice of two millions of men. Furthermore, I desire peace, but I do not wish to give you any false hopes; I can obtain it only by dint of victories. I do not gainsay the rumor of pending negotiations; yet there are none of any value; at least they will amount to nothing, unless my first battle should recall Austerlitz or Marengo; to that end I should require four months, perhaps even five, to reorganize the army, and raise it up to five hundred thousand men. I must then anticipate a hard struggle—a long war; to sustain it, the nation must support me, but in return, she shall have liberty. The position is a novel one; I am perfectly willing to receive light. I am growing older; a man is not at forty-five that which he was at thirty. The repose of a constitutional king suits me and will surely suit my son.

"The return from the island of Elba and the maintaining of the Napoleonian dynasty upon the throne, were as a final decision in the contest of kings and nations. The judgment was in favor of both parties; now everything is once more at issue, and both may be defeated. One spark will suffice to kindle anew a universal conflagration.

"I had closed the gulf of anarchy, cleared up chaos, purified the revolution, ennobled the nations and strengthened the thrones of kings, excited every emulation, rewarded merit of every kind, and moved back the boundaries of glory. If I interfered with the liberty of mischievous political meddlers, it was because license, anarchy, all the evils of disorder were still at the threshold. It was my wish that the title of Frenchman might be the fairest, the most desirable upon the earth; that the French nation might justly be considered the great

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Much as he was above the human standard, Napoleon had his faults, and committed errors; but when the mists of calumny disappear, and the bitterest detraction must, at last, give way to time, the world will be astonished at the magnitude of his work, its utility to mankind, and the generous motives which inspired him. It is difficult, indeed, in a character where intellect guided

nation, giving to the world the example of Reason's empire, of the full exercise, the entire enjoyment of all human faculties. The progress of information was gigantic during my reign; rectified and expanded itself, because my government was unremittingly employed in making science popular, so that nowadays every Frenchman has learned how to think.

"The condition imposed upon France in 1815, is without a precedent in history; on one side the sovereign, a few thousands of subjects, clinging through personal interest to the wreck of a superannuated system; renegades from all parties constantly talking of their devotedness to the throne; chambers, destitute of energy, of prudence, squandering the nation's resources, and making it utter through their addresses an undignified language, abject flatteries which degrade a great people; and foreigners as a sole support. For how was it possible that the army should not be distrusted? A soldier can only while away the languid tediousness of a barrack life by speaking of the dangers he has encountered, of the battles which he has heard narrated by the paternal hearth; and how can a Frenchman speak of war without uttering the name of Napoleon—without filling each warlike fancy with the remembrance of history? On the other hand, thirty millions of Frenchmen, whose every interest is connected with the Revolution's handiwork! What can result from all this, save two nations upon one soil, irreconcilably bent on mutual destruction, and whose blind internal dissensions will lower their country to the last rank of nations, and furnish foreigners with an opportunity of wreaking their revenge upon the greatness of the French; unless, some day, all the generations of Frenchmen either disenthralled by the revolution or sprung from the revolution and impregnated with its principles, shall seek their salvation in one of those terrible convulsions in which thrones are shaken to their base.

"I had, I repeat it, shut up the winds of political storms; the bag that contained them was rent at Waterloo by British bayonets. I alone might have proceeded without storms towards a universal organization which now is no longer possible, save by means of frightful tempests."—*Count Montholon's work on St. Helena.*

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almost every act, to ascertain how far his sympathies were enlisted in the cause he was called to advance ; but there was one expression of the Emperor's I have never forgotten, and which was conclusive with me of his goodness of heart. That amid the tempest and whirlwind of events, where eagle-like he seemed alone to revel, Napoleon should ever have stooped from his flight to reflect on the condition of the poor, and devise means for their alleviation, is so strange as to make one instance, at least, worth recalling. You remember, he commanded that the funeral services of the poor should be gratuitous, and that all their burial expenses should be at the charge of the state, saying—' no one has a right to tax the dead ; and why should the poor be deprived, because they are poor, of whatever may tend to console their poverty.' One sentiment like this would redeem in my mind a thousand acts of arbitrary authority, even if necessity had not demanded them. But, Prince, before I leave you, I should like greatly, were I not fearful of committing an imprudence, to canvass your opinions on the present situation of France. Your profound study of the past as displayed everywhere in your writings, has enabled you to judge correctly of the egregious errors of the present dynasty, and to form the clearest inferences of their fatal tendency."

" Speak on," said the Prince, " I see no reason why I should disguise from any one my honest opinions. Besides, the example of a conscientious thinker like yourself is somewhat contagious, and I like beyond measure the bold frankness with which you sincere republicans speak your minds. It is delightful to talk on any subject with congenial parties ; and to discuss politics ever so superficially with an American is really something so new, that it gives additional zest to the subject. Again, you have lately been much in communication with some of our most illustrious men, and in your reflections I may gather the bearing of passing influences. Their ideas of to-day may become the action of to-

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morrow, and it concerns me nearly to know their precise direction.

"Alas, for France, Monseigneur," I responded with a sigh, "should the luckless day arrive when we shall be given up to the conflicting views and interests of her leading men. No one can approach them without admiration of their intelligence, conviction of their patriotism, and delight with their urbanity; but here the satisfaction of the stranger ceases. Wide, profound, and elevated, are their ideas, but they have no root, for the most part, in the new soil which is covering France. The tendency of things is towards equality of interests and against class privileges; but public men, instead of recognising cheerfully the course of the current, and seeking skilfully to guide it, loiter idly or fretfully on the banks of time; or worse, they try to stem or turn it. The interests of your upper and lower classes are opposed, because the one has all, the other has none. The minority monopolize power and wealth, the majority struggle with want and tyranny. There is only one safe course for both,—to meet on middle ground, and compromise. The man who could, by eloquence or influence, coerce the former, and entice the latter, thus to unite and live in harmony, is he who will 'reign in Cyprus;' not merely wielding power, but holding sway over the confidence and affections of all classes. Alas, I say again, for I have met no such men. Heated by contention, and desperately opposed to any concession of power to the people, the one set of public men wantonly adhere to the domination of the upper classes, and struggle by craft and force to maintain abuse. The other and smaller class, filled with an honest indignation at impositions so impudent, and stung to rage by earnest sympathy with the sufferings of the mass, proclaim doctrines and insist on changes, that however recommended by purity of motives, would by violation of natural laws lead to more harm even than they were intended to remedy. I regard the present condition of France with pain and apprehension; and at

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times am disposed to give way to the strongest expressions of my detestation for the infatuated King. What a mission was his, and how miserably has he belied it! It shakes my confidence in the wisdom and honesty of all men, when I behold one who, like Louis Philippe, seemed selected as an instrument to effect the mysterious and benign purposes of Providence, and so eminently endowed for the task, confounding the expectations of the world, and basely degrading his opportunities for selfish ends. There is only one mode of explaining the phenomenon, for, with the perversity which belongs to his race, he will not concede to the past nor allow to the present the true meaning of the events which are so deeply engraven on both. He will not see, and the rest are as wilfully blind, that these changes so prejudicial to their importance and sway are the logical sequences of ages. But the people, more experienced and enlightened, gain strength and sagacity with every new trial; and to gull them longer with tricks, or menace them with the brutal arm of power, is only to stir their contempt, or arouse their fury. The king and his abettors daily grow more elated with their fancied security, but it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee the end. That he remains on the throne a day is because of the difficulty to supply his place. Nothing more odious could be found; but where to discover something better that is tangible, is the solemn puzzle. I believe most sincerely that the popular sympathies are with your Highness, but fearful obstacles stand at this moment in the way. The future is covered over with impenetrable clouds, and the sharpest eyes in France, I find, cannot pierce them. Should Louis Philippe die on the throne, then will be renewed the struggle which it might have been his transcendent merit to have closed for ever. I have no doubts of the final result. There is nothing so impossible as the failure of the people. Their rights, they know them; their interests, they see them; and their triumph, they, at least, never doubt it. It may take time; it will cost effort; but they will soak the soil in blood; they will whiten every plain with bones;

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they will tear France in pieces, if they have to search for justice under its ruins. Until this is granted, there is no hope of a permanent tranquillity; and to delay or refuse it, is, on the part of the aristocracy, not only folly but ruin. In England this game of craft has been, thus far, successfully played. Either her statesmen are greater adepts in deceit, or her people are more patient of wrong. But everywhere I see the light breaking, and hypocrisy and tyranny will fly the glare together. I trust, Monseigneur, you will make some allowance for my republican ardor; but it is hard for an American to stand by, and survey a conflict where everything good and dear to men is staked on the one side, against the calculations of the selfish, and the cruelty of the imperious on the other, without giving the plainest utterance to his sentiments."

"You might well doubt," replied the Prince, "my sympathy for the unhappy condition of my country, if I were not deeply moved by your earnest language, and did I not respond from my heart to the honest indignation you display at the treachery and open wrong so long and vainly practised against her. The situation you have drawn of France is wonderfully truthful. Her sufferings and the cause could not be more fully or distinctly laid open, and the convictions you announce of the final victory of the people over deceits and violence, I share to the same extent. There is one point above all in which I coincide, and it is the key to my own conduct, which has so often been branded by the less discerning as foolish or audacious. The king's retrograde policy has become so transparent and his presumption is now so glaring, that I deem his hold on public opinion, which in these days decides the fate of men and thrones, as entirely lost, and the blow of a child is enough to overthrow him, could the mind of France be satisfied as to the sequel. Were I, or anybody who had claims upon her, to succeed for a moment in obtaining confidence, nothing would be so easy as to assume the crown. But the position into which the country has fallen through pretensions equally

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ignorant and arrogant, is full of danger and uncertainty. What is to happen when the crisis comes, who can predict? Well may the worst enemies of the king, if they be true patriots, tremble as they regard the future which his death or downfall will open, unless they hold the panacea that may cure the thousand ills which will then break out. He must, indeed, be a wise man, or a charlatan, who would then step confidently forward to administer, promising immediate renovation. It was a comparatively easy task that which Louis Philippe undertook in 1830. The reforms which he was pledged to carry out might have been essayed with a moderation that will not likely be accorded at the next trial. How melancholy it is to contemplate the generosity of a great nation so shamefully abused; and the faculties and resources of a man so experienced and accomplished as the king, utterly thrown away. What good for the country he might have achieved, and what fame for himself! When such advantages as he possessed come to naught, the feeblest may be encouraged to undertake. Indeed, it is plain enough that to rule in France with profit, the gifts of a great intellect are less needful than the kindly suggestions of a good heart. The great work to be done is the alleviation of the miseries of the lower classes. I have given much thought to this subject, and the simple *brochure* I have published thereupon is at least a proof of my anxiety to serve them. It is not merely political privileges they aim at so much as practical relief from more direct deprivations. They can only, however, be sure of the latter; they begin to see, by securing the former. They must trust to themselves hereafter, more than to the fine declarations of their leaders and rulers. With the sovereign power once in their hands, he must be a weak man, or an arrogant one, who would venture to trifle with their just expectations. Many may make the experiment, but their terms will be short. What you have remarked touching the paltry jealousies or whimsical conceits of our public men is, unhappily, too true of the greater number. Their pretension

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and vanity will necessarily lead to great misfortunes, in which both they and their confiding dupes will be necessarily involved. It is a strange and afflicting spectacle, in truth, that men so much above the ordinary stamp of statesmen should yet be drifting about, not in search apparently of the true interests of the country, which are palpable enough, but wholly absorbed in party schemes or personal objects. All the treasures of their learning and eloquence are wasted upon the success of an intrigue, or the achievement of a party triumph. This miserable trifling cannot last for ever, and public patience, once exhausted, the remedy will be applied. I see as you do the real evils of the country. The rich and powerful are obstinate and blind; the middle classes are fearful and indignant; whilst the masses are jaded by want and inflamed by wrong and contumely. Unjust laws have favored the interests of some at the expense of the rest; but true wisdom suggests, as you observe, the policy of a compromise, as the prosperity of all must suffer by eternal conflict. This is the only chance of harmony, and it must come; but when, and whence, and after what trials, hopes, and failures, who shall say? The subject crowds my mind with images of fearful omen, and I were dead to the best feelings of our nature not to experience at times the saddest presentiments of what may come to pass. You believe that the popular sympathies are with me. I do not doubt it. He knows little of the French heart who questions its fidelity to the memory of the Emperor; and, as his nephew and heir, I feel convinced that the day will come when my claims will be recognised. Upon this ground alone do I justify my expectations; for what else is there, traduced and unknown as I am, to recommend me? How far I shall compensate the fond partiality of the nation I know not. The task would be heavy, and my powers every way inadequate; yet why should I shrink? for where shining abilities have failed, good intentions merely may succeed? Were free action given to the popular intelligence, it would greatly diminish the labor and

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difficulty of government in France, and it is neither in my nature nor desires, presumptuously to substitute my own conceits for the wishes of the nation. These should be the only guide of a true statesman; but the vanity of rulers too often tempts them into opposition to public opinion, which can only end in their final discomfiture and downfall. Montesquieu has uttered a profound truth on this point, which should be engraved in golden letters on the portal of every palace in Christendom. "*Il y a dans chaque nation un esprit general sur lequel la puissance même est fondée. Quand elle choque cet esprit, elle se choque elle-même, et s'arrête necessairement.*"*

As he was pronouncing these words, the castle-clock struck five, and if its iron tongue had beaten against my head, it could not have more instantaneously transformed its contents. The political lucubrations in which I was buried, vanished as if by magic, and my ideas returned at once to my present situation and its exigencies.

"My time is up, Monseigneur," I said to the Prince, with less calmness than I write it, "and the Commandant, doubtless, expects punctuality."

"We live under military law here, and discipline is enforced even against time," he answered, smiling. We descended the terrace with a lively step, and walked towards the building which served as his prison in silence. For my life I could not utter a word. A thousand conflicting emotions seized me with a suddenness and force I had not anticipated, and checked my utterance. I had been but a few short hours with the Prince, but his character had completely won me. A man of excellent sense; of lofty sentiments; and—which is so rare in Princes—of a warm and generous heart. His manners so simple and unaffected, his person worn by captivity, and faded by ill health; which told

* There is in every nation a public opinion on which power itself is founded. Where it shocks that opinion, it weakens itself, and necessarily loses its influence.

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with all the significance of words, how manfully his spirit struggled with the sorrow and gloom of his situation. All these and more crowded on my mind during this brief interval, and conspired to awaken an affectionate devotion to himself and cause, that has never deserted me since. I was glad to arrive at the door of his decayed abode, and prepared to take my leave. "Nay," said the Prince, "ascend with me for a moment: we have chatted on many kindred topics together, and I would like you to carry away some souvenir of our conversation." Bowing at his compliment, I assured him I was glad of so flattering a pretext to prolong my stay even for a few minutes. I followed him up the same chilly, time-eaten stone stairs, now almost veiled in darkness, that I had before ascended, and along the same narrow passage to his comfortless little room. Reaching up to one of the higher shelves that I noticed before, the Prince took down a handsome octavo volume of considerable thickness, and said, handing it to me, "Here is a collection of various fugitive pieces I have written at different periods, on the Emperor's System; on the English Revolution of 1688; on Questions of Domestic Policy, &c. You will find little, I fear, to interest you; but as I remarked just now, it will serve to remind you of the topics we have so hastily run over this afternoon." As I stretched out my hand to receive it, he added, "Allow me to inscribe my name, with the date and place of our interview." Thanking him for his kindness, I expressed the hope that should I ever be so fortunate as to meet him again, it would be in a far different locality. "God knows what may be my fate," he rejoined; "but I recoil at the thought of languishing away in this miserable dungeon."

There was nothing more now than to bid him adieu, but yet I lingered, reluctant to withdraw. Extending his hand he cordially grasped mine, assuring me what pleasure he had received from my visit. I replied only by bowing, for really my emotion for the moment so mastered me, that language utterly failed me.

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I retired; and as I reached the head of the staircase, I turned round instinctively for a last look at the spot I had just quitted, when, to my surprise, I found the Prince had followed to the door and was looking after me. Nothing could have conveyed to my mind a keener sense of the desolation into which he was about relapsing, than this simple act. His face and attitude both bespoke the dreariness and melancholy which surrounded him. I raised my hat with an inclination of profound respect, which he acknowledged by a salutation with his hand, and descending, I saw him no more.

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X.

I STRODE hastily across the court-yard; passed gates, draw-bridges, and *corps de gardes*, without looking to the right or left; buried in thought, I made my way back to the hotel.

"*Eh, bien,*" said Baptiste, who was awaiting my return at the *porte cochère*. "*Eh, bien,* my master," he repeated, with his face almost swelling with curiosity.

"*Eh, bien,*" I answered, "order my dinner, *car j'ai bien faim.*"

There is nothing like emotion to sharpen appetite; even grief of the deepest must eventually yield to the keener pangs of a hunger that itself has evoked. I was brimful of excitement, and felt I could eat my way through twenty times my ordinary stop. This is a very harmless mode of consuming surplus agitation; and I wonder that in rebellious times the "powers that be" do not oftener resort to gastronomic rather than the powder and ball remedies so unsuccessfully applied. The Marshal Lobau on one occasion gave the brawlers of the streets of Paris to drink, and cold water proved efficacious enough; but a good dinner would hardly ever fail, I venture to predict, of an immediate restoration to harmony.* The English understand the virtues of a good dinner beyond all other nations; and business, pleasure, and charity, in that land of turtle and port, is carried on for the most part amid the clatter of knives and forks. On the present oc-

* I refer to the well-known and ingenious act of Marshal Lobau, who dispersed in one instant a riotous assemblage in the Place Vendome, at Paris, by bringing to bear on them a well-manned battery of fire engines.

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casion it answered my expectations, and I fell back in my chair after a hearty repast, subdued, and much softened. I gave way to reverie, and Baptiste, though devouring me the while with looks of wistfulness, respected my mood. I dwelt on the events of the morning—recalling every incident with the utmost minuteness—bringing up every expression, phrase, and remark, with a vividness and order that showed how deeply I had been impressed with the novelty and importance of what had occurred. Nothing kept surprising me more than that I should have played so prominent a part in this interesting and improvised little drama, of one act, the scene a prison of state, and the hero a prince of the blood imperial. To this, however, I grew reconciled by degrees; for, from a love of adventure, or some other unknown impulse, I have been so long in the habit of getting into scrapes, doing strange things, and associating with odd people, that to find myself fresh from an interview of several hours with the captive nephew of Napoleon, was far less singular in my eyes than the many new and important things he had uttered. For a long while I did nothing else than sip my coffee, cross and uncross my legs, and mentally browse over the branches and twigs of my morning's conversation, that shot in wild luxuriance athwart my recollection.

"Did Monsieur ring?" said the wearied Baptiste, entering the room for the tenth time since dinner.

"No," I answered, in the mildest tone, as I rose, stretched myself, folded my arms, and thought how I should pass the evening. Write, was my first and only thought—take notes of the occurrences of the day—for to forget or overlook an incident, would be a fault. The necessity was evident, but I felt undulating like the sea after a storm, and to sit calmly down and go poking through the lanes and alleys of my brain, for the mass of sayings, which, like Cassio, I remembered, but "nothing distinctly" as at first: "No, I can't do that; it's out of the question," I ejaculated aloud. "I will go out"—

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"Where will Monsieur go?" inquired Baptiste, still hanging on in hopes of drawing me into conversation.

"Why, that's your business to inform me," said I, taking up my hat, and setting off in quest of amusement, to the infinite relish of my man Friday, who delighted in nothing so much as piloting himself and others into mischief. What might have happenned in the way of "imminent perils and hair-breadth escapes" in any other place than Ham there's no divining, but getting into the lone, dark streets of this waif of the middle ages, I soon perceived that the horizon of fun was narrowed down to some very common-place diversion indeed. After being knocked against more than once by some village stragglers, for it was black as Erebus, and breaking my shins half a dozen times over stone posts in the streets, I drew up in despair for a consultation with Baptiste, in front of a solitary ray of light which beamed from the friendly window of an industrious doer-up of other people's linen. Quite a piquant object was that pretty-faced washerwoman of Ham, with her high Norman cap; her round, plump arms, with the sleeves tucked up; bustling about and carolling merrily, and plying her flat-iron with the rapidity, grace, and steadiness that a limber opera-dancer does her foot.

"Well, what's to be done, Baptiste?" I asked in my extremity. The puzzled valet no doubt scratched his head in the darkness, for he made no answer, when the faint click of billiard balls drew us with alacrity towards an *Estaminet*.

"This will do for the nonce," I muttered as I entered, and found myself in a small low room on the ground floor, partially lighted, with a billiard-table in the centre. Beside the players, there were several lookers-on strung round on raised benches, who gave their opinions on any hit or miss of the heroes of the cue with an earnest formality somewhat ludicrous. It is singular how the French give themselves up to the matter of the moment, and whether it is dominoes or dying, a game of fun or

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reality, it is all the same, they play at both with equal seriousness; they talk and think of nothing else. The Americans are totally unlike in this, for no one thing can absorb them. They may try to amuse themselves as they please; they are sure to escape relaxation by allowing their minds to wander to something else. Take the case in hand. Here are a dozen Frenchmen, players and spectators, all absorbed in the vicissitudes of a game of billiards. To have suggested another subject would have been an intrusion, almost an impertinence. In America the very players, whilst mechanically engaged in the game, would have been discussing politics, or talking of trade, whilst for lookers-on,—there would have been none. Americans must have action,—they must all play at the game of billiards, or of life; to sit round, and talk about it, as the French do contentedly, that's not in a Yankee's nature. When he is at work even, he is thinking of something else. I amused myself with reflections of this sort whilst I was daguerreotyping the physiognomies and behavior of the *villageois* about me. They were all well-dressed persons of decorous deportment, and were, doubtless, so many worthy cits who sought to relieve the routine of the day by a little billiards and gossip at night. In France it is no loss of respectability to frequent *une salle de billiards*, as with us. There are divers reasons for this to be found in the different character and habits of the people of each. But in France carousing is not an adjunct of such amusements. The vague object I set out with, for I had one, I soon set about accomplishing. For my own satisfaction I was anxious to discover what extent of Bonapartism really existed in France nowadays. Whether, in a word, the fanaticism which everything French everywhere in the world manifests for the memory of the Emperor, overflowed in any degree upon his descendants; and if so, how deep; and if not, wherefore. By the result of my investigations I would succeed, at least, in finally making up my own mind, whether I did anybody else's, or not,

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as to the future chances of a Bonaparte in France. I had by some short process, where feeling more than logic I suspected had prevailed, long since come to the conclusion that the Bourbons once fairly out of the way the Bonapartes would be in their places. The Emperor was sure of this at St. Helena when he boasted, that do what they might the day would come when his hat mounted on a stick and carried across France would raise an army that would defy opposition. I agreed with him quite, but to defend myself against the incredulous, I was determined to find data. So one after another, I engaged without exciting their suspicions my new acquaintances of the Café of Ham into conversation, always preluding with a prolonged look at the billiard table, followed by the exclamation, that "if Monsieur who had just missed the carom had only struck a little more, *la moindre du monde*, to the right he would in all probability have succeeded.' The extreme fairness of this erudite observation never failed to meet with universal assent, and thus established in general form, I would venture daintily to draw my next neighbor quite unawares into political conversation. After a joint conversation of all that was, I approached the really delicate ground of all that might be. It is passing strange that at this time of day, under the enlightened sway of Louis Philippe, a Frenchman, no matter what his consequence or insignificance, should shrink with undisguised timidity from uttering his opinions, however profoundly entertained. The prudent burghers of Ham jumped away, like shy horses from the saddle, when I approached a definitive question. It was only by a persevering process of cornering them that I could infer from their dodging what they liked, and what they didn't; and from this skittish sort of evidence I should deduce that the prisoner of Ham might count on a pretty lively show of hands if the question should ever be put there as to his future destiny. Baptiste meanwhile had not been idle. A café was his element, and five minutes were not elapsed before he had pronounced

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oracularly on the best liqueurs of the Bourgeois and was well advanced in the confidence of the landlady. After impressing both with a due sense of his consequence, and possessing himself of all the secrets of the *menage*, he turned his hand to more general matter. Whenever my eye caught him he was the animated centre of an attentive group, and at the rate he was progressing, I think a week would have sufficed him to have imbued the quiet town of Ham with strong barricading propensities. I observed on leaving the Estaminet that the billiard table was deserted, and that another kind of game was playing for, where balls were talked of, but not ivory ones.

After breakfast the next morning I sat down to memorandize, but my mind was a wool gathering, and I could not after divers efforts compose myself to write. I began to tremble for the consequences. Here was this long and important conversation of the day before to chronicle, and not a note of it had I yet recorded. Then I would seize my pen, but not a recollection would obey my bidding. What was to be done—trust to memory ?—there was no help for it; but luckily I have something of a memory to confide in. From an early aversion to calligraphic exercises I have always set down in my mind what most people put in common-place books, and the consequence is I have built up a receptacle quite adequate to the comfortable stowing away of all my vagaries of deed and action, and which, unlike the tomb, is generally ready to give up what it has once swallowed. It was seized with a strange fit of paralysis, this memory of mine, on the day in question, but I felt a blind confidence in its resuscitation. It had carried me triumphantly through the fifth book of Euclid at a collegiate examination; and I always considered it from that time, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Yes, I concluded, as I closed my desk, I will go back at once to Paris, and there amid familiar objects, and out of sight of that gloomy old fortress, I shall recover my ordinary mood and obtain a vent for those locked-up items that now defy

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me. I rang for Baptiste to pack me up, which he dispatched with marvellous readiness, delighted to return to his idolized of capitals, which he should now enter a hero, the bowed-to of the Emperor's nephew.

"*Tout est pret, Monsieur,*" he said, as he turned the key of a carpet-bag, "shall I order the horses?"

He disappeared at my nod in the affirmative. The usual preliminaries of departure being gone through, I was just about descending, when a messenger from the Prince was announced. "Show him up instantly," was my answer; and a very gentlemanly person in black, with that quiet air of confidence which bespeaks good-breeding, was ushered in. It was Charles Thellin, whom I can hardly better introduce to my reader than in the rather over-charged language of the loyal author I quoted so freely from in the beginning. "Charles Thellin," he writes, "has been honored from his childhood with the functions of first *valet de chambre* to Prince Louis. The Prince has raised him to the title of friend, and all who know him, love and esteem him. Queen Hortense nobly acknowledged his services, when on her death-bed she expressed a wish that Charles Thellin should always remain with the Prince, her son. Charles Thellin has made the desire of the pious mother the first duty of his life, as it was the first yearning of his heart." All the favorable things I ever heard of Monsieur Thellin, were borne out by his appearance and behavior. He came to bring me the compliments of the Prince, and to assure me of all the pleasure my visit had afforded the lonely inmate of the fortress. It was natural enough that so rare an event should enliven for a moment the spirits of the Prince, and it was all the more diverting that it should come from a quarter so little expected—all the way from America. I chatted for some time with the confidant of the Prince, and this side-view of his character, its profile as it were, was the more interesting, as from the closeness of the approach, I could detect all that was peculiar and original about it. Monsieur Thellin told me a number of

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interesting facts touching the double dealing of the government, which, anxious to obtain certain conditions from the Prince, played wantonly on his natural anxiety to see once more his only parent, in sinking health.

"Well, I am astonished," I exclaimed, after listening to these details, "that the King, who is reputed so skilful in finesseing, does not take the word of the Prince, and let him go visit his father. Whether he returned or not to his dungeon, the King would in any case receive loud applause for so magnanimous and kind-hearted an act."

"Yes, Monsieur," remarked M. Thellin, in his deferential way, "that would be a high-minded course; but the government knows too well the loyal nature of the Prince to doubt for an instant the fulfilment of his pledge. He would assuredly come back to his prison, and this would secure him the credit and sympathy of all charitable persons. The government prefers, then, the charge of cruelty, to risking the smallest chance of the Prince obtaining the least hold on the esteem and affection of the people."

"Well, this Machiavellian policy, Mons. Thellin," I said, with a shake of the head, "may be considered very adroit, but I put no faith in it. The makers of labyrinths often lose themselves in their own windings. I grieve for the Prince, but rejoice it is my happy lot to live without the sphere of these detestable intrigues. Adieu, Mons. Thellin," I added, rising, "deliver this letter to his Highness. It contains my parting salutations."

In a few minutes more I was in my carriage, at the door below. There was quite a bustle at my departure. My visit to the Prince, and the circumspection of the police, had given me a deal of false consequence in the eyes of these simple villagers. There is no telling what fictions Baptiste had been weaving around their excited fancies; but there was a deep-set persuasion that I was somebody—they could not imagine who—(I don't wonder), and the innocent attempts I had made to clear myself of these

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troublesome suspicions, only fastened them the stronger. Had I been openly a Prince or a General, or even a respectable *marchand des curiosités ;* very well, they could have seized that—but I was nobody ! that mystified them. After nodding to the landlord, touching my hat smilingly to the landlady, and bobbing my head quite grandly to all the curious throng about, I was just giving the word for a start, when *M. le Maire* advanced, not to pay me official honors, but to say, that he had ordered me the best horses in his stable, for he was the *maître des postes*, and that the postillions had his acquiescence to gallop *sans discretion*. Oh, thinks I, if they do so much for his visitor, how many horses would they lend the Prince to carry him back to Paris ! Thanking *Mons. le Maire* with a knowing look, in spite of the *gensd'armes*, who stood gravely inspecting these proceedings, off we went with a spring and a jerk, at a rate that soon afforded me an outside view of that musty old Ham. I passed in full view of the fortress, and I was half-disposed to look the other way, for I knew my last gaze would give me a twang. But human nature, like the moth, seems fond of singeing its wings, for I no sooner resolved that I would spare myself these painful reflections, than I put my head out of the window, and never lost sight of the castle till it was clear out of view ; but I will not inflict on the reader my sensations, which they can well imagine if they have half the sensibility for the sorrows of the unfortunate I readily give them credit for.

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XI.

It was not far from dark when we stopped somewhere—I never knew then, or since,—but I was charmed with the curious antiquity of the little old town. Every object I passed, the houses, the squares, the fountains, even the very dogs, it struck me, running about, had a stunted, worn out, mouldy look, which captivated my imagination, and promised me a sort of pleasure, that of all others I revel in. Descending at the *auberge*, where my host was waiting, cap in hand, to bestow his welcome on me, I merely ordered dinner, and strolled off to enjoy the few last rays of sunlight still flickering in the west. Baptiste looked disconsolately after me, for he was hungry, and had none of my enthusiasm for the ancients this side of the Roman empire or the other. The fact is, it has often occurred to me, that none but an American knows what it is, in all its suffocating depths, to be wonder-struck at the hoary monuments which past ages have bequeathed us. Coming from a land cut out of the woods, as it were, but yesterday; fresh from a "boundless contiguity" of lath and plaster; his recollections teeming with bright red bricks and newly-painted everything, how his eager eyes and modern fancy are seized and overpowered by objects that are sprinkled all over with centuries. He stops and stares as I did, in the narrow and crooked streets of the nameless town; scrutinizes whilst he holds his breath, the dates on the walls, and counts on his fingers' to make sure he is not under a delusion, the hundreds of years back these tenements were erected, these streets have been trod, these fountains have been drunk of, and these cathedrals frequented. The sweetest hours of my life, it seems to me, have I spent in these ponderings,

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till I have been nearly smothered by my feelings, or starved from forgetfulness of my dinner. Your European, born amid these relics of the past, grows up familiar with them, and can know nothing of the strange inspirations they cause in the unprepared heart of the American. It is a region of sensation for the first time opened, and what a luxury it is to the dreamer! In this expansive mood, choke-full of unutterable fancies, I came across, a little way off the street, a venerable, half-decayed village church. This was a relief, for the mind, weary with its retrospection of earth and men, finds comfort in communing with God and space.

Night was closing in as I entered a low door at the side of this time-worn edifice. The solemnity of the hour deepened my emotion. I could faintly distinguish the rude, massive outlines of the Norman architecture, so imposing from its simplicity and strength. A double row of stout columns ran through the centre of the church, which in the taste of the epoch were singularly low and heavy: having very much the appearance of having sunk under the weight of centuries into the earth beneath. Numerous tombs were disposed in regular line up and down either side, surmounted in the old style with a recumbent marble statue of its inmate, wearing for the most part the habiliments and badge of the respective rank of each: a Bishop crowned with his mitre; a Nobleman with his coronet. Some religious service was going on at the lower end before an altar decked with images and tall lighted candles. The chant of the priests, with the hoarse, guttural sound of the musical instrument used on these occasions, had a strange and undefinable effect. It seemed to my excited faculties like an invocation to the dead about "to be alive again" —to rouse up with the things of night, and do their spiriting. I almost expected to see the statues slowly rise to their full length, like the nuns in the scene of the churchyard in *Robert le diable*, and take to polka-ing up and down the ghostly aisles. I abandoned myself completely to the mysterious intoxication of these

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"thick-coming fancies," and gave my mind up to its own wantonness. What vague sentiments of dread and awe seem to haunt the heart, which, shunning the sun-light, are evoked in moments and places like these! The emptiness of life echoes under our feet, and our glance falling on the gloomy abyss beyond, sends a chill through the blood, and sets the flesh to creeping. It is profitable to wander among the dead at night. It is like ice to the hot temples—it cools the fever of life, and allays the burning thirst of ambition. The world and its toys; eternity and its mysteries; these are speculations that never visit us on the mart, or in the arena. Therefore, I repeat, it is good to take a turn among the tombs, occasionally. This was the discipline I was undergoing, as I groped my way amid the silent company about me. The chant had died away, the priests were gone, and I was quite alone in this deserted old church—now shrouded in darkness. My fancy kindled, and my eyes began to strain. I was just in the humor for seeing ghosts—which has happened to me more than once—when, lo, sure enough, I found myself of a sudden surrounded by spirits, "white, black, and grey." They peeped at me from behind pillars; sat straight up on their own monuments, and the wings of others rustled in the air. Some looked sad—others diabolical. Some gazed kindly—not a few frowned darkly as they swept by. What horrid sights the microscope reveals to us! A drop of water and a grain of flesh teem with life invisible to the common eye. Could the thin air around be exorcised, and compelled to give up its secrets; how know we what terrors would unfold themselves? Why should not air be peopled like matter, and to doubt the existence of a phantom world——. Just here I tripped in the dark, and fell into the cold embrace of a doughty knight in stone, who was lying on his back over his own grave. This rencontre scattered my musings, and startled me into a sense of my whereabouts. I popped out of the first door I could find, and made my way with the aid of a friendly gensd'arme back in all haste to

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my hotel. Baptiste had no idea of martyrizing himself for my amusement, and had eaten his dinner long ago. His racy chat served to season mine, and I was glad to dissipate in his pungent anecdotes the charnel-house vapor which hung over my spirits. It may be salutary to commune with apparitions, but it is pleasant to come back to this world of flesh and blood, and eat *turbot à la crème*.

I ordered the carriage after dinner, to the discomfort of Baptiste, who had been ingratiating himself with the black-eyed landlady, and drove on to Compeigne that night. The next day was fine, and I made the best of my way to Paris. We stopped about eleven in the morning to change horses, and, as usual, the vehicle was surrounded in a trice by an importunate army of beggars, comprising all the halt, lame, and blind of the village. The worst of these plagues on travellers in Europe is, the attempt to stir his charity by the exhibition of some disgusting objects of deformity or mutilation, which in the shape of a baby with no legs, or the bare stump of an arm, is thrust in his carriage window, and bobbed under his nose, accompanied with the most dismal bellowings "to look at it; to examine if there was the least imposition;" till in horror you buy at any price your immunity from such persecution. In the present instance I threw on either side a handful of sous as far as my arm could hurl them, and while the beggars set off on a rough-and-tumble scramble, I slid out of one of the doors, and telling Baptiste to follow when ready, I made my way along the main road till I got clear of the town. I had not advanced far before I perceived, sunning himself on a stone bench by the side of the causeway, one of those battered relics of the "grand army," that never fail to excite my liveliest interest. The history of these men is a glorious romance, rife with daring exploit, miraculous escapes, and fearful perils. No age has witnessed the deeds they dared, nor rivalled their fanatical devotion to their leader. In the eyes of the French peasantry their renown encircles them like a halo,

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and they are regarded with affectionate reverence. Their thrilling anecdotes of strange lands and terrible scenes of carnage make them the favorite guests of the village fireside, and the petted orators of the *cabaret* of the long winter's evening. They are dispersed all over France, and their influence is undisputed. Woe to the government they condemn, for their crutch would rally the masses like the banner of the cross of old. I seated myself familiarly near the veteran, who, faithful to his old habits, gave me a military salute. He was a fine looking old fellow, a little the worse for wear. His was an honest, hearty red face, with twinkling grey eyes, sly enough in their winks, and fiery enough in their rage. His wooden leg was stretched out like an ornament before him, and the other shrunken limb hung dangling down, as if ashamed of having survived. He wore the cross of honor on the breast of his faded coat, no doubt a gift from the hand of the emperor.

"*Eh bien, mon militaire,* how goes the world with you?" I said, regarding him with great favor.

"*Merci, Monsieur,* only so, so," he answered, inclining respectfully; "these are dull times, and we old soldiers are out of place. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what lives we used to lead"—and he drew himself up at the recollection.

"Yes, those were glorious days, *mon vieux,*" I said, humoring him; "what great battles, and splendid victories; what a fox-chase you had of it through Europe, and what glory to see the tri-color float over every capital you met in your way!"

"Ah, Monsieur," returned the old guard, wiping his eyes, "we shall never see those days again, *jamais.* How great was France then, and how low were her enemies. We suffered much privation and fatigue, but we bled freely, for how it rejoiced our peasant hearts to trample on the thrones of the Holy Alliance. *Vive l'Empereur!*" The veteran began to warm with his souvenirs, and I traced the revolutionary enthusiasm which had given birth to such prodigious valor.

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"Bravo, *mon Sabreur!*" I exclaimed; "you did not bivouac about Germany for nothing, I see. You carried democracy along with you, and when you were not preaching it out of your guns, I dare say you administered it pretty boldly by word of mouth. The pretty women, I suppose, were the first converts, eh, *massacreur des femmes?*" The gallant son of Mars stroked his moustache, and smiled a broad acknowledgment of his youthful levities.

"But tell me," I continued, "how did you treat the poor peasants you were quartered amongst?"

"Always kindly, *toujours*," replied the old soldier; "we Frenchmen, you know, *bourgeois*, are not savages. We made love to the women, I don't deny it, but when we picked up their gibberish we amused the men, too. *Sangdieu*, how they opened their eyes when we told them what had happened in France—how we had sent our king, priests, and nobility travelling, like St. Denis, without their heads."

"Oh, you old propagandist, is that the way you went planting French seed about Europe," I said, smiling; "and if a whole crop of revolutions should spring up one day, we will then know where the mischief came from. But the wars are over now—the Emperor is gone—and see how much better off are those peasants yonder tilling their beautiful lands, than bleaching battle-fields with their bones." I touched a wrong chord here, for the wooden leg of the *soldat d'Austerlitz* began to show signs of impatience. He took out his snuff-box, and plied his nose vigorously. I took a pinch, which seemed to soothe him.

"*Oui, mon voyageur, l'Empereur n'est plus,*" said his old follower, raising his cap reverentially, "the Emperor is gone, but are we any better off for that? We work harder, we pay more taxes, and, *sacre tonnerre*, everybody may pull France by the beard nowadays. If the Emperor fatigued us in war, he didn't forget us in peace, for who built our post-houses and our school-houses? who drained our meadows, and who ordered that stone bridge

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there? *Ah, la paix*, they give us plenty of peace, but it costs us very dear."

"You don't seem to be in love with Louis Philippe, or his policy," I remarked in a careless way. The imperialist eyed me almost contemptuously—said nothing—but kept up an incessant fire on his snuff-box. I observed the carriage approaching, and I was reluctant to part coldly with this fine old remnant of an heroic age. I was sure, by a word, to revive his good humor, and establish myself permanently in his good graces. "*Devinez, mon vainqueur*," I said; "guess, if you can, my victor of Wagram, to whom I was talking of the Emperor, yesterday, and I will double this golden image of your former sovereign," slipping a Napoleon unawares into his hand. The old soldier gazed at me in the utmost perplexity. "Well! if it shall be a secret between us," I observed, putting on an air of strict confidence, "it was the Prince Louis I spoke to yesterday."

"*Monsieur* saw the Prince Louis yesterday! saw the nephew of my Emperor!" uttered the wonder-stricken Bonapartist, in a tone of great deference, and trying at the same time to make his wooden-leg accessory to his standing up, which I prevented. "Yes," I added, "I saw him yesterday, and I hope we shall both see him again one of these days, but not in that direction,"—pointing to Ham.

"*Monsieur*," stammered out the fanatic, quite stifled by his emotions, "*Monsieur!*——" but he got no further, whilst his eyes were moistening fast. I shook him cordially by the hand: "Adieu, *mon brave*." He returned the grasp warmly—"Adieu, *Monsieur!*" and—"*Vive l'Empereur!*" he shouted.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" I responded.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried Baptiste, who was looking on from his post at the carriage door.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" screamed the postillions, cracking their whips, whilst the horses neighed and capered as if they wished to share also in the enthusiasm of the moment.

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XII.

I REMAINED in Paris nearly a month after my return from Ham, and I spent no small portion of my leisure time very agreeably in sounding the depths of Bonapartism, wherever I ventured out into the open sea of politics. As my own ubiquity was by no means adequate to the extent of investigation I was anxious to carry out, I formed a select battalion of my friends, male and female, into reconnoitring parties, who pushed their lines of observation every day to a limit equal to their zeal in the cause, and at night reported in various piquant anecdotes, the results at which they severally arrived. In this way I got by proxy even into the solemn precincts of cabinet ministers, and their grave faces and eloquent shoulder-shrugs in reply to the seeming accidental remarks which I had carefully suggested beforehand, enabled me to draw conclusions sufficiently exact as to the chances of support or of opposition a representative of the imperial family would meet. The ground I reserved for my own especial survey was amongst the masses; and I attribute no small knowledge thus acquired of their character, habits, and information, to the random motive which then inspired me. Everywhere among the people, the souvenirs of the empire glowed with the splendors of romance. Their imaginations kindled, and their feelings rose to enthusiasm as they dwelt on the genius of the Emperor, which dazzled them with its surpassing brilliancy in whatever sphere it shone.

I found them without any correct ideas of the Prince Louis,

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of his character or motives; but regarding him in the light of the heir of Napoleon, they manifested the greatest interest for his fate. They all seemed to look trustingly forward to the future, totally unconscious of what shape it might take, but still blindly confident that it would afford them relief from present incumbrances. The restoration of a Bonaparte became less and less doubtful in my mind, as I widened the circle of my research, but though certain as one of those contingencies the future would bring forth, yet I could make no approximation to the precise time of its occurrence.

Of all my emissaries, incomparably the most active and efficient was the indomitable Baptiste, who enlivened my breakfast every morning with copious details of his previous day's investigations. It turned out, before long, as I have already intimated, that he was a zealous and influential member of several secret societies, which, having for their object the political amelioration of France, were perfectly organized, and ready to accept the earliest available means that offered. The information I obtained of the number and discipline of these formidable bands was curious and startling. They were far from being made up exclusively of the idle and dissolute, but included many individuals of high intelligence and respectability, young men thirsting for action; honest patriots discontented with the government; politicians with sordid motives and military officers inflamed by ambition. The sum total of these, if they could be accurately ascertained, would fill my reader with astonishment, but an estimate may be formed of their force and danger, from the fact that I knew of one association consisting of four thousand men, headed by a general officer, every man of whom was under oath to effect the objects specified. This body was devoted to the interests of Louis Napoleon, and all were bitterly opposed, of course, to the direction of the actual order of things. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the street riots, which occur so frequently in Paris, such numerous and well-disciplined com-

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panies of men suddenly present themselves, and act with such intelligent uniformity under the recognised direction of skilful and courageous leaders.

These secret confederacies of factious men, conspiring against the order and constitution of society, abound to an incredible degree in this agitated metropolis, and a steady, though often invisible warfare is constantly going on, as it were under the surface, between these determined bands of desperate anarchists, and the regular forces, civil and military, of the existing government. This is a state of things unnatural, as it is to be feared and regretted. That it is the result of an unhealthy body politic, cannot be denied—and if regular channels were freely and safely opened for the expression of the public grief, that the effect would be to disperse and render useless these alarming hordes of plotting conspirators—ever fermenting like an unseen volcano, and ready to burst forth and overwhelm society—is equally apparent and unquestionable. Baptiste went to Ham in my train, and the intelligence he gathered, which, in the prolific soil of his unfettered imagination, soon grew and expanded, no doubt, to an inordinate extent, exalted him into a person of very considerable consequence amongst his associates of the holes and caverns of Paris. Every hour not given to my services was devoted to his more stimulating functions of conspirator; and no small part of the night, instead of passing it in bed, was spent by this restless *farceur* in scouting about Paris, sounding opinions and volunteering his own. Amongst other eccentric performances in this way, he took it in his head to frequent the *cafés* where the students of the Polytechnic school for the most part resorted. His easy volubility and consummate impudence never failed of its object, and I can hardly doubt if he had resolved on an interview with the king himself, but he would have effected it in the course of the day. Baptiste assured me there was universal dissatisfaction with the government pervading the Polytechnic school, which in fact had a legitimate source in the bad feeling the ministry

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had lately manifested towards that distinguished institution. These valiant and accomplished young men had largely contributed to the success of the revolution of 1830, and the only return now contemplated by the government which their virgin swords had elevated, was to remove their pleasant but dangerous proximity at Paris to some spot more favorable to quiet study, and less exposed to the temptation of taking part in riots and revolutions. This was the height of royal ingratitude; and is it to be wondered that these indignant youths gave way to disaffection and evil intentions? Should the throne of the barricades ever be discussed in the streets again, I am pretty sure the students of the Polytechnic school will not draw arguments in favor of its stability. That's one prop lost, beyond a doubt.

From the interest I took in the welfare of Prince Louis, as well as from the curiosity I displayed as an attentive listener to the entertaining items which he daily unbudgeted, Baptiste began to fancy that I was not indisposed to try my novice-hand at the exciting game of plot-hatching; and on one occasion, and with all due formality and circumspection, he informed me there was to be a meeting that night of a phalanx of the faithful, and that my presence would be cordially welcomed; indeed, was expected. My obsequious Figaro of valets, who was so ready to contrive for me a rendezvous, environed with all the fascinations of danger and mystery, with a party of unknown and scheming adventurers, was sorely discomfited when I received his uncouth proposition with hearty laughter. "No, no, Baptiste," I said, when I recovered my composure; "though a little given to vagaries, and partial to adventures, yet they must be so far regular as not to interfere with the rights or interests of third parties. I have no objection, none, to take a spectator's place when any of your French melodramas of conspiracy or insurrection are going on; I don't even mind risking a peep behind the scenes; but there's prudence enough, to say nothing of principle, mixed up with my taste for romance, to make me decline donning the toga of a

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Catiline and taking a part in the terrible drama of Revolution."[2] This was not the only instance in my life where I was rewarded for my discretion, for observing next day that my bustling brusher of coats and constitutions was quieter and paler than his wont, I learnt to my edification that the conclave of the previous night had hardly assembled, before the police broke in upon them, and marched the greater number off to the *conciergerie*. Baptiste, who was ever ready for an emergency, always manifested a marked partiality for a place near the door, and as the *garde municipale* rushed in on this occasion, he popped out without troubling himself about the denouement.

Whilst lingering in Paris, I wrote occasionally to the Prince, and in my first letter I thought it would, perhaps, enliven the solitude of his prison, by sending him some of the sprightly gossip of the capital, and I spiced my letter with anecdotes, not unlike those related above.

His first reply was so striking and characteristic, that it can hardly fail to interest my reader, while its publication, however unauthorized, cannot but be serviceable to the Prince, since so little is accurately known of his real disposition or pursuits. I subjoin it with my apologies to its respected author for the liberty taken, while I make at the same time my grateful acknowledgments for the flattering opinions expressed of his visitor.

Ham, October 6th, 1845.

MONSIEUR—

I have been extremely anxious to ascertain your address, in order that I might thank you, not only for the visit you paid me, but for the warm sympathy you manifested in my behalf, and which has touched me profoundly. Your letter of the 3d, which I received to-day, affords me a double gratification, for while it gives me news of you, it enables me to acquit myself of a legitimate obligation.

It is true, that I grieve under the pressure of my defeats; and that public opinion has not entirely rallied to my side; but I can only hope

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to reconcile it by devotion to my scientific labors,* and by my resignation. I have, besides, deliberately resolved to have nothing more to do with politics; and I entreat of you as much for your own sake, as mine, to put little faith in the stories that may be told you; for Paris abounds with agents of the police, who often state falsehood to discover the truth. Believe only what you see; and hear only with your own ears.

If my position be painful, it has also its compensations; and one of the greatest consolations I experience, is to receive from honorable men like yourself, proofs of interest and attachment. Receive, then, Monsieur, with my thanks, the assurance of my highest esteem and consideration.

NAPOLEON LOUIS.

M. Henry Wikoff, *Paris.*

* The Prince is engaged in writing an elaborate work on the History of Artillery, from the period of its invention, to its present improved state. It will occupy several volumes in octavo.

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ADDENDA.

I VISITED London, in December, 1846, and had the great satisfaction of meeting there the Prince Louis Napoleon, which I little anticipated when last I bade him adieu at Ham, the previous year. He had managed, as all the world knows, to make his escape from that dismal abode some months before; and the motives which led him to this bold and successful attempt, were certainly of an urgency and gravity sufficient to justify it. The increasing feebleness of his father's health foretold an approaching dissolution, and repeated messages were forwarded to his afflicted son, entreating his immediate presence at Florence. The friends of the prince made constant and fruitless appeals to the government for his temporary liberation, but advantage was taken of this cruel emergency, and conditions were demanded it was impossible to accept. The necessity of effecting his escape thus arose, and though highly distasteful to him to resort to such means, yet, rather than fail to cheer with his presence the lonely bedside of his sinking father, dying amongst strangers in exile, he determined to take this course. It was only after a painful struggle that he decided; for his failure, he knew, would be followed by unsparing ridicule and pitiless taunts.* When his determination was made, he set about instant preparations to carry it out. After long complaint, the government had tardily con-

* I have since learned, from a mutual friend, that the Prince had formed the desperate resolution not to survive his defeat, for he armed himself with a poniard, to plunge into his breast, should he be discovered and arrested.

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sented to make some repairs in his uncomfortable quarters, and on hearing the fact that workmen were about visiting the fortress for that purpose, the ingenious thought struck the Prince, to array himself in similar apparel, as offering the easiest, and apparently most certain mode of escape. On the day selected for his eventful experiment, he rose early, and began at once to disguise himself in the rude materials which his faithful follower, *Thellin*, had duly prepared. Disencumbering himself of his whiskers and moustache, he clothed himself in a capacious red wig, blue smock-frock, a pair of corduroys, much the worse for wear, and added to his height by a huge pair of wooden sabots. This done, he was ready to descend, but the first difficulty was, to disarm the vigilance of the two jailers at the door below. This was effected by his physician, Dr. Conneau, inviting one into his room for a moment, whilst Charles Thellin occupied the other. The Prince, carrying a board on his shoulder, which he employed still further to conceal his face, made his way undisturbed into the court-yard of the citadel. Now began the real dangers he had to contend with—to elude the attention of the officers on guard; to escape the observation of sentinels; to pass the porter's lodge unchallenged; to clear in safety the drawbridge, and the two grand portals of the Chateau—these offered a series of risks and encounters enough to chill the stoutest heart. He advanced firmly, passing numerous groups of soldiers, till within a few paces of the *Concierge*, when a common clay pipe which he had in his mouth dropped, and broke with some fracas at his feet. An officer near by, reading a letter, looked up, and regarding him, made some commentary on his awkwardness. The Prince, to hide his confusion, stooped to pick up the fragments. Recovering himself instantly, he pushed on, and getting by the porter's wicket, made his way through the first gate, over the bridge, and now he was beyond the second gate. He breathed freer, and could with effort only restrain himself from running, so impatient was he to avoid the chance of further accident. His presenti-

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ments were well-founded; for whilst still within the view of all, he heard some workmen hallooing after him, and, turning, observed, to his horror, they were walking briskly towards him. It was a moment of dreadful suspense. Not knowing what course to take, he stood still, apparently unconcerned, when, to his inexpressible relief, one of the men, now close upon him, cried out, "Oh, it is only Pierre!" and, satisfied that they had recognised a comrade, the whole party wheeled about, and went off. The tribulations of the Prince were not yet over, for his dog having slipped away from his keeper, came barking and yelling after him. His signs of joy were so manifest, that had it been observed, detection would have been infallible. The Prince, in a sharp under tone, ordered the dog off, and, as if conscious of his master's danger, the intelligent brute instantly obeyed. In a few minutes more, the appointed spot was reached, where Thellin was anxiously awaiting with a cabriolet and fast horse, and the Prince leaping in, fled with all possible speed on the high road to Belgium. After rapid relays they arrived without incident at the railway station, where pursuit was no longer to be apprehended.

Not long after the Prince had left his room, the commandant came to make his usual morning visit, and was received by Dr. Conneau, who informed him that the Prince was confined to his bed by indisposition. Expressing his regrets, he went away, and returned as customary in the evening, when the same excuse was repeated. This time, however, the wary officer demanded as his right, a view of the Prince's person, though cautiously apprised that he was sound asleep. He still insisted, and on approaching the bed, the trick was discovered, and the escape of the Prince made known. The alarm was given, but, happily, too late, for by that time the fortunate captive was in Brussels.

On getting to London, the first thought of the devoted son was to reach Italy; but the French government, enraged at his flight, applied to the foreign states in alliance with it, and obtained their

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refusal to allow the Prince to enter their territories on any pretence whatever. Not long after, his father, King Louis, died, deprived of the only consolation he coveted on earth—a last interview with his only son.

I received these interesting particulars from the mouth of Prince Louis, on my first visit to his residence in London, at the close of 1846, as before mentioned. His spirits were still clouded by the painful circumstances attending his father's death, nor had his health yet recovered its tone, after so long a confinement. After I had conversed with him upwards of an hour, on the occasion alluded to, he informed me that his cousin Napoleon (son of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia) was on a visit to him, and that he desired that I should make his acquaintance. The Prince sent him word, requesting his presence, and in a few minutes young Napoleon made his appearance. I was talking as he entered the room, and as I rose to salute him, the words dried up on my lips, so startling was the effect of his extraordinary likeness to his uncle, the Emperor. I gazed on him so fixedly for a few moments, that I felt it was necessary to explain the cause of my abstraction. He was pleased with my observations, though evidently accustomed to their import. He was but twenty-four years of age; but his face and person seemed that of a man at least ten years older. He is much taller than his illustrious ancestor, but in the shape of the head, and the moulding of the features, it was impossible that the skilfullest sculptor could fashion a likeness to surpass the marvellous handiwork of nature. The short, glossy black hair, the ample brow, the finely-chiselled nose and mouth, the well-defined chin, the glittering eagle-eye, whose color it was impossible to scrutinize; all these world-known traits, beaming with hereditary intelligence, and covered over, as it were, with the identical olive complexion of the Emperor, combined naturally to produce an impression for the first time on the beholder, which, to say the least, none will ever forget who has experienced it. Still more curious,—the movements and action

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of the nephew helped materially to deepen the immediate sense of resemblance awakened, for they were rapid, abrupt, energetic, decided. For a while I was inclined to suspect some premeditation here, in order to keep up the illusion; but I soon discovered that an incessant activity and play of intellect was the real cause of these outward manifestations.

The young Prince seemed quite familiar with my antecedents, and we soon got into lively conversation. I had an admirable occasion, which I took care to improve, of comparing and contrasting the characteristics and powers of the two cousins.

It so happened, that after a little time, an argument sprang up between the Prince Napoleon and myself, on the subject of slavery in the United States. He took the European view of the case, condemning the institution on principle, and deploring the unhappy contradiction between the professions of our chart of independence and their practical nullification in the odious retention of negroes in bondage. He spoke with the warmth of sincere convictions, and with the eloquence of a man inspired with the loftiest conceptions of human liberty. I agreed with him cordially in all his noble declarations on principle, but begged him to consider dispassionately the origin and condition of the system amongst us; to ascertain the facts, and weigh the circumstances of this particular case, as in no other way could a correct opinion be formed in the premises. I then explained the hideous traffic by which the English nation had imported into her indignant colonies the kidnapped slaves of Africa—how that domineering government persisted, in despite of the entreaties and threats of her American subjects, in establishing slavery within their confines, until, at last, it became a vested interest, so firmly consolidated, that when the colonies became free, it could not be immediately extinguished without a vital blow to the existence of large portions of the community. The shame of its introduction into the North American States would stain for ever the escutcheon of England; but the prodigious difficulty of exterminating it was

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left to her embarrassed victims. The institution had struck its hateful roots into all parts of the confederacy, and it was seen at the beginning by an intelligent and patriotic population, that but one mode remained of adjusting the grievance—that of compromise. On this sacred ground the gradual diminution of the evil had been steadily going on; and that by one method or another, by emigration to more distant territory, and by voluntary manumission, its final extinction was at no late day confidently anticipated. In this moderate way, but with more fulness of detail, I presented the question, and while it abated somewhat the ardor of my disinterested adversary, yet with the intemperance of youth, and the earnestness of deep conviction, he still argued for summary measures. I was singularly struck with the demeanor, impartiality, and practical sense of the Prince Louis on this occasion. He sat as an arbiter between us verbal combatants, and when the moment offered, he would, with admirable precision, and great force of logic, sum up our several arguments, and draw a conclusion so just it was impossible to appeal from. Whilst sympathizing with his cousin in his aversion to all slavery on general grounds, yet he constantly decided "there was no other way of treating the question with us than by temporizing. It might be painful to Americans; it was, no doubt, discreditable in foreign eyes, thus to tamper with so precious a stake as personal liberty (though many thought bondage was the normal condition of the negro race), yet it was, in his view, the only wise, humane, and practicable solution of this irritating problem."*

During my stay of a month in London, I had constantly the honor of meeting the two princes, both at their residence, in society, and in places of public resort. Everywhere they attracted great attention, and met with marked respect. Their illustrious lineage; the chequered career of Prince Louis, the thrill-

* Some three months later than this, I had an interesting conversation with the eminent Lamartine on this same subject, and his remarks will no doubt be read with avidity, whenever it may be in my power to give them to the public.

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ing likeness of the Prince Napoleon to the Emperor; above all their modest and dignified deportment, were collectedly so many claims to public notice and esteem, which even their ancestral enemies, the English, were, to their honor, prompt to allow and testify. For my own part, always convinced that these princes were destined, sooner or later, to play a prominent part in French politics, I took especial interest in studying their individual characters and political opinions. I was more and more impressed, after repeated observations, with their rare personal worth, and superior accomplishments. Amiable, unaffected, sincere, and high-minded, they were besides totally free from those loose habits and debasing vices which so frequently corrupt the tastes and pervert the minds of men in their rank of life, who have seldom the strength to resist the seductions which surround them. In politics their positions were widely different. By temperament, but more by reason, the Prince Louis had habituated himself to cultivate opinions always moderate, but ever definite. He seemed to regard the present as a natural compromise between the past and the future. He recognised the stately flow of progress, but was only solicitous to regulate its current to fertilizing, not inundating the new institutions sprung up over the world. Whilst he was not opposed to a Republic in France, he doubted gravely if society was sufficiently advanced to afford it a stable foundation there. His cousin Napoleon, on the contrary, with all the benevolence of youthful impulses, was not disposed to stop and reason coldly on the safety of existing interests, but broadly and sternly took his stand on the manifest rights of the masses. Heated at the recollection of their accumulated wrongs, he flung his gauntlet fiercely at the feet of the aristocracy, and seeking no terms, and desiring no truce, he declared himself ready for a war of resistance and desolation. In these moments, the hot blood of his uncle seemed to course through his veins, and his dauntless spirit to flash in his eye. He spoke always with the greatest animation, while his well-rounded sentiments were de-

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livered with an authority that made it rather a venturesome task to weigh or contest them.* I remember another discussion of his worth quoting. Some two or three days before my departure from London, I was dining with the Prince Louis and a distinguished party, when it turned out, in the course of conversation, that the princes were going to a fox-chase the ensuing day, with the Queen's hounds. I observed, at random, that much as I had resided in England, where this sport was in such universal favor, I had never had the curiosity even to go to a *cover*. "Well, then, you had better join us to-morrow," said the Prince Louis.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I answered, "on the condition that your Highness will excuse me from engaging in the hunt; for though," I continued, smiling, "you seem willing to compromise the destinies of France by risking your life in this break-neck amusement, yet I am by no means disposed to put that contingency between myself and the smallest chances of popular preferment that may overtake me hereafter." A hearty laugh at the bluntness of this unsportsman-like declaration went round the table.

"Very well," returned the Prince, "we shall be happy of your company on your own terms. So, Thellin, see that one of the horses we are to use to-morrow is *not* a hunter."

"And do me the favor," I added, at the risk of more merriment, "to give orders, Mons. Thellin, that he is 'nice and tame,' as the ladies say, for I am sadly out of practice."

The next morning at seven I was at the Prince's residence. His carriage was already at the door. After a hurried breakfast with him and his cousin, we got in, and flew off over the fine

* The Prince was reading, at this time, with great attention, an English book, by a Mr. McIntosh, against the misgovernment and corruption of the British aristocracy, which he kindly lent me to peruse. I found it written with considerable ability, much truth, but too strongly tinctured with an acrimonious spirit, diminishing its authority.

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English roads, in the direction of Windsor, as fast as the fleet horses could carry us.

We had some twenty miles to go to meet "the field," where our horses had been sent the night before to await us. The Princes wore the customary uniform of the English hunt: red coats, short clothes, top boots, and hats (caps would be, it strikes me, more suitable). The brisk air of the morning, our rapid pace, and the lovely English landscape, though crusted with frost, soon dissolved all ceremony, and gave a bubbling flow to our spirits. After a deal of lively chat, I got into a political argument with the Prince Napoleon, when occurred the animated scene I alluded to above. The existing state of Europe was reviewed, and the inflammable state of France commented on. "Whilst the policy of all the monarchies was retrograde, the spirit of the people was inflexible and progressive. The late high-handed outrage of the Holy Alliance in a further division of the Polish territory, violating the treaties of 1815—the obstinate refusal of all political amelioration—the stupid infatuation of royalty, which imagined its power securer than ever before; all these betokened a coming crisis, which could only lead to an European war, and with all his heart he would like to take a part in it." These were the far abler exposed views of the Prince Napoleon. I agreed with him in his just survey of Europe, but could not sympathize in his warlike sentiments. "If violence must come," I said, "then I preferred, for the sake of the oppressed people, revolutions in their governments to conquests abroad. That domestic policy was infallibly changed by a successful revolt, whilst a foreign war might be made a plea for greater tyranny at home. War was, for the most part, in my eyes, the game of kings, and like politics, as had been said, it was the madness of many for the gain of a few." In this strain I reasoned. The Prince Louis listened with the utmost good nature to the zealous defence of our respective positions, but every now and then, in a single sentence, which displayed his

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entire mastery of the topic, he would give his judgment, and so conclusively, that dissent was in vain. He allowed "that war was in the eye of reason and humanity every way obnoxious, and was a responsibility that no nation should lightly assume; but that in human affairs, epochs arrived when all ordinary expedients of reconciling conflicting opinions seemed exhausted, and that the passions of men irresistibly demanded an appeal to force; that he looked on war with repugnance, but that in the actual state of Europe, it seemed to him as inevitable. The national sentiment of France at this time," he thought, "was a war of sympathy for the rescue of oppressed nationalities, where her interests and her feelings both were interested. A general war of propagandism," he did not conceive, "was the true *rôle* of any nation." I could not refuse assent to ideas so rational, and his cousin was satisfied with their approximation to his own. Taking the fact into consideration, that the theme was war, and the nephews of Napoleon were the disputants, it was one of the most interesting discussions I ever engaged in; and so absorbed was the attention of all, that when, of a sudden, the carriage stopped, we looked round with some wonder, at what could be the possible cause. The fox-chase had been completely lost sight of; and the din and clatter of neighing horses, screaming servants, and yelling dogs, which in a moment surrounded us, presented a strange and almost ludicrous contrast to the scene which had just passed. I felt acutely the descent from such high engrossment to the ignoble pastime before us; but the senses must be entertained as well as the mind, and it is better after all to run after the tail of a fox, than the heads of our fellow-creatures, in the more savage sport of war. We all mounted in a trice, but I lingered behind a moment to contemplate the two cousins as they rode off. I was curious, besides, to see if the resemblance was kept up by the Prince Napoleon on horseback, to the impetuous Emperor. I don't know if I was ever more astonished than at the singular transformation of character which now took place.

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The Prince Louis, who bestrode a noble animal, graceful and nimble as a fawn, and which he managed with consummate ease, lost, at once, all his habitual reserve and gravity, and became the confident, bold, and dashing cavalier. His cousin Napoleon whom I expected to find headlong and reckless, exhibited, on the contrary, the utmost caution and discretion. There was a complete exchange of traits. The Prince Louis, so calm in council, displayed in action the daring of his fearless soul; and his cousin, whom I thought so precipitate, now returned under the steady guidance of a sober reason. Eleven o'clock was the hour of assembling, and we galloped into the place of rendezvous, a large open field, at the precise moment appointed. A numerous band of sportsmen were already there, who recognised and saluted the princes as they advanced. The scene was new to me, and full of animation. The red coats of the huntsmen, the prancing steeds, the yelping dogs, the bustle, stir, and gaiety all around, made it quite a picture, just like the thousand-and-one I have seen painted. I have always found the best way to diet is not to go to table; and the surest way not to run after a fox is to stay at home. The scene before me was contagious, and operated alike on me and my horse. He pawed the earth and tossed his head. I buttoned my coat and settled myself firm in the saddle. A tacit understanding sprang up as by magic between us,—that whatever might happen each was to do his best. All in a moment there was a shout, a yell, and a spring, and away went fox, hounds, and hunters—and amateurs. It was smashing work, but my steed had mettle, and I kept up with the foremost. But now came the ordeal—a hedge of five feet rose grimly before us. "I would have preferred a ditch," I thought to myself, "to drown my shame in case of failure." However, I approached with resolution enough to leap over twenty hedges, and I never doubted that my horse was of the same mind. Prince Louis was the first to clear it: if he could only get over all other obstacles as easy. Now, whether my Pegasus had ever taken lessons in physics, and

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understood the mysteries of *momentum*, I don't know, but instead of springing over the hedge, as I expected, he made a full stop before it, and the inevitable consequence was, that I went over without him. I empanelled myself into a jury of one, on my back, and brought in a prompt verdict of "served him right." What business had I a fox-hunting? I got up and exchanged looks with my brute of a horse, who rather, I thought, seemed to enjoy the joke from his lively snorting, which, in my humor, sounded very like a horse-laugh. I hesitated: shall I try it again? Just then up dashed a troop of Cockneys, who with the same motives came out to see the fun, but with more sense attempted to take no part in it.

"Where are you going?" I cried, as they brushed by.

"To head 'em off."

"Head 'em off, it is!" I exclaimed, jumping on again, and once more on the high road I took summary vengeance on my long-tailed dodger. After a tremendous gallop of a couple of miles, through the short turn of a lane, we came full upon the pack. Now, this was really a beautiful sight. There ran poor reynard with his nose to earth, flying like the wind. Not far behind coursed some two hundred dogs, singing a sort of canine chorus, which for method and execution is not often beaten at the opera. Then hove in sight the half-spent huntsmen; but bless me, what disarray a half hour had made. Some were here, some there, and not a few nowhere, that I could see. The Prince Louis flitted past like a vision, the first after the hounds. I looked round for his cousin, who came soon after on his fine black charger. There was a hedge in his way, but instead of leaping over at first sight he turned his horse lower down where it was easier, and took the jump in safety, and went on his way a galloping. It is against my nature to retreat in anything, unless for substantial reasons, and it is not improbable that I should have tried it again, when my dubitations were arrested by a violent blow on the leg, which proceeded from a vicious beast standing near me. It was

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a miracle I escaped a fracture. In my anger I was undecided whether to fall foul of the horse or its rider; but my humor was diverted by the *naïveté* of his declaration—"that the nasty brute had an extraordinary propensity of kicking whatever came near it" This last incident sobered me. "*Jam satis*," I said, turning my nag's head; enough of fox-hunting and its delights. To wear a *brush* in my hat is not my destiny. I soon got back to the post-house, and exchanging my horse for a carriage, drove speedily back to town.

I went to Paris right after this, in January, 1847, and then had the good fortune to meet another remarkable member of the Bonaparte family. I had heard the fashionable world long talk of the beauty, wit, and grace of the accomplished Princess Matilda Demidoff, daughter of King Jerome, and a princess of the house of Bavaria. Her brother, the Prince Napoleon, honored me with a flattering letter to Madame Demidoff. I lost no time on my arrival in seeking her beautiful residence in the *Rue Courcelles*, nearly opposite the elegant mansion of an American family, in much favor with the *beau monde* at Paris, the Moultons. On ringing the porter's bell one of those interesting objects in my eyes, 'yclept "an old servant of the family," presented himself; a venerable looking man of over sixty, with the ease of a courtier, and such an air of respectability.

"*Madame la Princesse?*" I asked.

"*Sortie, Monsieur*," said the well-trained domestic, raising his hat.

"What, gone out already?" I returned, much disappointed. It was only one o'clock.

"A bow in the affirmative," from the *ancien serviteur*. After a pause I resumed, "I have a letter for *Madame la Princesse* from her brother in London."

"Oh," said the surprised functionary, his eyes brightening, "a letter from his Highness. Pray walk in. The secretary of *Madame* will receive you." I did so, and delivered my letter

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and card to a gentlemanly man of middle age, who stated that he would make known my visit to the Princess, and named two o'clock the next day, when, no doubt, it would suit her convenience to see me.

I was punctual on my return to the *Hotel Demidoff* the ensuing day; but as I entered the court-yard I found it half filled with the splendid equipages of several noble families, making their morning calls. This was embarrassing, for I had never seen the Princess, and the probability was, that unless I was recognised when my name was announced, I would find myself in an awkward position. But my visit was evidently expected, for as the footman ushered me in, a lady near the mantel opposite rose immediately, and bowed with a cordial smile. It could be no other than a niece of the Emperor, for the family likeness was conclusive. I advanced through a line of brilliant company and made *mes hommages* to the Princess. She inquired fully after her brother, and her cousin, the Prince Louis, and then our conversation became more general. I contemplated her as we spoke with great interest, and was deeply impressed by her striking beauty. She was rather of under size, but perfectly formed. Her head was beautifully shaped, which her luxuriant brown hair, dressed *à la Madonna*, threw into fine relief. Her eyes were large and sparkling, and the features classically regular. The expression of her face was most captivating, and revealed a *distinction d'ame*—an elevation of character that charmed at first sight. She was simply attired in a morning robe of dark cloth, gracefully embroidered down the front, and which showed her figure to great advantage. Her manners reminded me of her brother, and were full of spirit and elegance. Her voice was clear and ringing. She conversed with great fluency and vivacity, and her language was well chosen and pointed. In short, I soon discovered that rumor had not exaggerated the manifold attractions of the lovely Princess Demidoff. I had several times during my stay in Paris the honor of being received by this gra-

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cious lady, and observed, that like all her illustrious family she was devoid of all affectation and haughtiness, which, in a beauty so courted and renowned, was the more remarkable. Indeed, I was more than once struck, in the course of conversation, with traces of acute sensibility; and under all the pomp of the Princess, it was not difficult to recognise unmistakable signs of the true and warm-hearted woman. Among her other accomplishments the Princess Demidoff sang divinely. Her execution of a French ballad, so full of taste and feeling, could not be surpassed.

I dare not allow my pen to gambol further on this enticing theme, lest it might, perchance, glide into an impertinence. A simple incident I will merely add to show the genial nature of her disposition. During a visit one day at Madame Demidoff's, she abruptly asked:

"Pray, tell me, do you know my brother?"

"Know your brother? Princess," I repeated, looking at her in astonishment. Laughing heartily at my puzzled gaze, she explained, "Oh, I mean my brother in America,"*—and then she went on to say how gratified were all her family at his visit to them at Florence some few years before—how much they regretted his wife did not accompany him—and a number of other kind remarks that did infinite honor to her character.

I remember very well reflecting, as I quitted her royal mansion for the last time, "that it was lucky for us of the republican faith that the arguments of monarchy were not all so fair as this fascinating princess. Otherwise, the world's regeneration might incur the risk of an indefinite postponement."

On the 3d of May, 1847, I left London, and dined for the last time with the Prince Louis Napoleon on the day previous. There was one incident connected with the occasion, worth, perhaps, the relating. Amongst the persons of high rank assembled,

* The Princess referred to M. Jerome Bonaparte, residing at Baltimore, son of the ex-king Jerome, by his first marriage.

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was a foreign ambassador, who was there *incognito*, since it would have been treated as an offence to the reigning family in France, if the representative of any European court held communications so close with the Prince Louis Bonaparte. I regret that, even now, a proper reserve forbids me alluding more directly to this distinguished person, who for several years past has shone with "bright, particular" lustre in the brilliant diplomatic circle gathered around the Court of St. James. His rare endowments of intellect are only equalled by the conspicuous graces of his character. It was from this person I drew an admission that I am going to repeat, and which his candor could not withhold. The company had returned to the drawing-rooms after dinner, and Prince Louis, at the request of the ladies, had opened a box containing many valuable and interesting relics associated with the emperor. One after the other we examined them with lively curiosity, until a tri-colored scarf was taken out which Napoleon had worn around his person at the battle of the Pyramids. It passed round till it came to me. The idea suddenly suggested itself, and I remarked,

"Pray tell me, *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*, if this scarf were carried waving from the top of a lance from Boulogne to Marseilles, what do you think would follow?"

He hesitated a moment—the company regarded him in silence.

"An army of 500,000 men would follow," was his sententious reply.

I have finished the budget of my souvenirs connected with the imperial family; though, fearing to exhaust the patience of my readers, I have suppressed many, perhaps the most interesting. Whatever the deficiencies of style, or irrelevancy of the matter, the recent rapid and marvellous rise in the fortunes of the distin guished persons I have so imperfectly sketched, cannot but

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impart, it is presumed, a certain value to the subject. There is nothing in history more extraordinary than the probable elevation of another Bonaparte to the government of France; it is an act not more logical than expressive, on the part of the masses. In 1815, the fortune of war imposed on them the domination of a dynasty they detested. In 1830, it was again expelled, but the trickery of designing politicians substituted another equally despised. Whatever ruler is now, by the free choice of the people, invested with sovereign power, will, beyond all cavil, be the expression of the *national* sentiment. No such government has existed in France, since the downfall of Napoleon. His successors, the Bourbon families, were forced upon France by foreign power, or domestic traitors. The election of his heir to the Presidency of the Republic will be a consummation as solemn as significant. It will be, on the part of the French nation, a triumphant refutation of Bourbon policy. It will be an indignant condemnation of the abuses committed in their name. It will be, in fine, a majestic and an inviolable assertion of their intelligence, their courage, and their lasting supremacy.—*Laus Deo.*

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